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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Memoir of the Rev. Alexander Waugh, D.D.; with Selections from his Epistolary Correspondence, Pulpit Recollections, &c. By the Rev. James Hay, A.M. and the Rev. H. Bel-frage, D.D. 8vo. pp. 586. London, 1830. Hamilton and Co.

THIS is an interesting and well-written Memoir of a very interesting and excellent man. Dr. Waugh was for forty-five years pastor of one of the Scotch Presbyterian Churches in London, and was well known to all who take an interest in our great public associations for objects of philanthropy and benevolence, of almost all of which he was an indefatigable and successful advocate. In the pulpit, or on the platform, he had few equals in that eloquence which, like the electric spark, flashing from heart to heart, communicates to an audience a thorough conviction of the deep feeling and fervent sincerity of the speaker. His soul was always in his work; yet was he at the same time perfectly free from the slightest tinge of fanatical enthusiasm. His piety was *catholic*, in the best and broadest sense of the word. A Presbyterian of the strictest sect in point of discipline, his love and zeal were universal, and his charity restricted by no paltry limits of party or denomination. He "loved his neighbour as himself;" and in every son of Adam's race he saw a "neighbour" and a brother.

In private life he was equally amiable and estimable; and we might speak of his social character from our own personal recollections; for though not on terms of intimacy, we have met with the good man on many pleasant occasions, upon which we love to look back. But we must forbear, and refer our readers to the book itself for the details of his active and beneficent life.

Dr. Waugh was a native of the south of Scotland, and was enthusiastically *national* in his feelings and predilections, but without his general sympathies being thereby in the smallest degree narrowed. Descended from that estimable class of husbandmen for which the southern counties of Scotland have been peculiarly distinguished, the authors of the Memoir (two Scottish country ministers) have taken occasion to give the following pleasing picture (to the accuracy of which we can ourselves bear witness) of the Scottish farmers of the olden day:—

"The patriarchal simplicity of manners which, about the middle of last century, so especially characterised Scottish husbandmen, was calculated, in a high degree, to foster deep affections, and a sober but manly earnestness both of principle and deportment; and it may be fairly stated as one of the happy privileges of the Secession Church, that so large a number of its ministers have sprung from this virtuous and valuable order of men. On this latter account, as well as with a more immediate reference to the subject of the present Memoir, we shall endeavour to give a brief description of the mode of life and household discipline of

a Scottish farmer of former days. It is a sketch from early recollections of scenes long gone by—

'When old simplicity was yet in prime;
For now among our glens the faithful fail,
Forgetful of their sires in olden time;
That grey-haired race is gone, of look sublime,
Calm in demeanour, courteous, and sincere;
Yet stern when duty called them, as their clime,
When it flings off the autumnal foliage sere,
And shakes the shuddering woods with solemn voice severe.'

The habitation of a Scottish husbandman in the southern counties, sixty or seventy years ago, was generally a plain, substantial building, holding a middle rank between the residences of the inferior gentry and the humble cottages of the labouring peasantry. The farm-house, with the small windows of its second story often projecting through the thatched roof, occupied, for the most part, the one side of a quadrangle, in which the young cattle were folded; the other three sides being enclosed and sheltered by the barns, stables, and other farm offices. A kitchen garden, stocked with the common pot-herbs then in use, and sometimes with a few fruit-trees, extended on one side, sheltered perhaps by a hedge of boor-tree or elder, and often skirted by a few aged forest trees; while the low, thatched dwellings of the hinds and cotters stood at a little distance, each with its small cabbage-garden, or *kail-yard*, behind, and its stack of peat, or turf-fuel, in front. An upland farm, of the common average size, extending to about four or five hundred acres, partly arable and partly pastoral, usually employed three or four ploughs; and the master's household, exclusive of his own family, consisted of six or seven unmarried servants, male and female. The married servants,—namely, a head shepherd, and a *hind* or two (as the married ploughmen were termed),—occupied cottages apart; as likewise did the *cotters*, who were rather a sort of farm retainers than servants, being bound only to give the master, in lieu of rent, their services in hay-time and harvest, and at other stated periods. The whole, however, especially in remote situations, formed a sort of little independent community in themselves, deriving their subsistence almost exclusively from the produce of the farm. The master's household alone usually amounted to fifteen or twenty souls; and the whole population of the farm, or *instead*, to double or treble that number;—a number considerably greater, perhaps, than will now be commonly found on a farm of the same extent,—but maintained with much frugality, and always industriously occupied, though not oppressed with labour. Little of the jealous distinction of ranks which now subsists between the farming class and their hired servants, was then known. The connexion between master and servant had less of a commercial, and more of a patriarchal character. Every household formed but one society. The masters (at that time generally a sober, virtuous, and religious class) extended a parental care over their servants, and the servants cherished a filial affection for their masters. They sat together, they ate

together, they often wrought together; and after the labours of the day were finished, they assembled together around the blazing fire, in the 'farmer's ha', conversing over the occurrences of the day, the floating rumours of the country, or 'auld world stories'; and not unfrequently religious subjects were introduced, or the memory of godly men, and of those who, in evil times, had battled or suffered for the right, was affectionately commemorated. This familiar intercourse was equally decorous as it was kindly,—for decent order and due subordination were strictly maintained. It was the great concern of masters and mistresses, when new servants were required, to obtain such as were of sober and religious habits: if any one of a different character got in, his dismissal at the first term was certain. Servants in those days never thought of changing masters, unless something occurred which rendered the change indispensable. At ordinary meals, the master (or *good-man*, as he was termed) took his seat at the head of the large hall table, the mistress sitting on his right hand, the children on his left, the men-servants next in station, and the maid-servants at the bottom; one of the latter serving. The use of tea was then unknown, except in the houses of the gentry. Porridge was the constant dish at breakfast and supper; at dinner broth and meat, milk, cheese, and butter. Twice in the year, exclusive of extraordinary occasions, there was a farm festival, in which every inhabitant of the place partook; namely, the *kirm*, or harvest home, at the close of autumn, and the celebration of the new year. On these occasions, an abundant feast of baked and boiled cheered the heart of the humblest labourer on the land, and was closed with decent hilarity by a cheerful beaker or two of home-brewed ale. But the religious order of the family was the distinguishing trait. The whole household assembled in the hall (or kitchen) in the morning before breakfast, for family worship, and in the evening before supper. The good-man, of course, led their devotions, every one having his Bible in his hand. This was the stated course even in seed-time and harvest: between five and six in the morning was the hour of prayer in these busy seasons. On Sabbath all went to church, however great the distance, except one person, in turn, to take care of the house or younger children, and others to tend the cattle. After a late dinner, on their return, the family assembled around the master, who first catechised the children and then the servants. Each was required to tell what he remembered of the religious services they had joined in at the house of God; each repeated a portion of the Shorter Catechism: and all were then examined on heads of divinity, from the mouth of the master. Throughout the whole of the Sabbath, all worldly concerns, except such as necessity or mercy required to be attended to, were strictly laid aside; and nothing was allowed to enter into conversation save subjects of religion. These homely details may perhaps seem, at first sight, calculated to corroborate, in some

respects, the exaggerated notions which prevail in England respecting the religious austerity of the old Presbyterians; and readers, looking exclusively to the strictness of their discipline, their alleged 'proscription of all amusements,' the limited education, the scarcity of books, and, above all, the want of refinement which, according to our modern notions, might be expected to be the necessary result of familiar association with menial servants,—may possibly picture to themselves a state of society altogether clownish, melancholy, and monotonous. Yet this would be a very false estimate of the real character and condition of the old Scottish tenantry. The life of the husbandman and his dependents, in those days, was so far from being unenlivened by mirth and enjoyment, that there was in truth much more real enjoyment than is now often to be witnessed. They had more *leisure* to be merry than their descendants, and there was, in reality, no proscription of *innocent* amusements. Spring and autumn were the only seasons that required very arduous labour in the old system of husbandry; and then those seasons came round with an air of more festivity, had more of a heart-stirring aspect about them, and their toils were encountered with a more grateful alacrity, than in our days of regular rotations and improved machinery. At other seasons of the year the labours were comparatively light. The *winning* of peats and hay, ewe-milking, sheep-shearing, the dairy, and the tending of the flocks and herds, chiefly occupied the jocund days of summer. In winter their leisure was still greater, and their enjoyments not less diversified. Field sports were eagerly followed in the intervals of labour, or when frost and snow had stopped the progress of the plough; nor were the peasantry then restrained from such hardy amusements by the enforcement of demoralising game laws. At other times, the grave good-man would toss down to his sons and servant-lads the foot-ball or the *kitticat*, and bid them take a bout to warm their youthful blood. And in the long winter evenings, when seated around the fire, harmless mirth and jocularly pleasantly alternated with more grave and instructive conversation; nor did any puritanical sourness forbid the recitation of the old romantic border ballads and legends, or the singing of the sweet pastoral songs, of which both the poetry and the music were, like the broom and birch of the braes around them, the spontaneous and unsophisticated growth of their own beautiful country. And thus, with scarcely any books of amusement, without any games of chance, without stimulating liquors, and without ever seeing a newspaper, our simple ancestors managed to beguile their hours of leisure and relaxation cheerfully and innocently; and, on the whole perhaps, quite as rationally, if not quite so elegantly, as their more bustling and ambitious offspring. Amidst the manifold improvements of more recent times (the value of which, in some respects, we are far from denying), it may yet be considered very questionable, whether *all* that has been abandoned of former manners has been equally well replaced, and whether even our progress in knowledge and refinement has not been but too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of qualities still more valuable."

We extract the following, as particularly characteristic of the Doctor.

"It was impossible," says Dr. Philip, "to have been in the company of Dr. Waugh, and not have felt an irresistible and all-subduing charm in his conversation, which instantly attached you to him. I never met a man

of genius who had been introduced to him, even though he had seen him but once, who did not, when his name was mentioned, recur to the interview with a glow of heartfelt delight. An illustration of this, furnished to me at the Cape of Good Hope, suggests itself to my mind at the moment. Mr. F—, a gentleman of eminent talents and acquirements, in speaking of Dr. Waugh, remarked—'I never saw that gentleman but once, and I shall never lose the impression which that interview made upon my mind. On delivering an introductory letter to him, which I had received from a mutual friend, his first question was, 'Where do ye come frae, lad?' I replied, like a Scotchman, in the same interrogative style, 'D'ye ken Earlstoun and Leader Water?' 'Ken Earlstoun and Leader Water!' he exclaimed;—'Ken Earlstoun and Leader Water! Oh, my dear laddie, the last time I was in Scotland I went alone to the top of Earlstoun Hill, and looked along the valley; and there wasna a bend o' the water, nor a hillock, nor a gray stane, nor a cottage, nor a farm-onstead, on Leader Water, that I didna ken as well as my ain hearth-stane. And I looked down the side o' Earlstoun Hill, and I saw there a bit green sward enclosed wi' a gray stane dyke, and there wasna ane o' a' I had ance kend o' the inhabitants of that valley, that wasna lying cauld there.'

Another striking anecdote, illustrative at once of his wit, his loyalty, and his humour, will be found at page 389, but for which we have not room.

Prefixed to the volume whence we have made these extracts, are some Lines to the Memory of Dr. Waugh, by Mr. T. Pringle, with which we feel much sorrowing pleasure in adorning our columns, as they do honour to the taste and feeling of their author—himself a borderer, and of the same class with the venerable person the recollection of whom they enshrine.

"Who'er thou art whose eye may hither bend,
If thou art human, here behold a friend.
Art thou of Christ's disciples? He was one
Like him whose bosom Jesus leant upon.
Art thou a sinner burdened with thy grief?
His life was spent proclaiming sin's relief.
Art thou an unbeliever? He could feel
Much for the patient whom he could not heal.
What'er thy station, creed, condition be,
This man of God has cared and prayed for thee.

Do riches, honours, pleasures, smile around?
He would have shewn thee where alone is found
Their true enjoyment—on the Christian plan
Of holiness to God and love to man.
Are poverty, disease, disgrace, despair,
The ills, the anguish to which flesh is heir,
Thy household inmates?—Yea, even such as these
He hailed as brothers of humanity;
And gave his hand and heart, and toiled and pled,
Till nakedness was clothed and hunger fed;
Till pain was soothed, and even the fiend Despair
Confessed a stronger arm than his was there.

And ye far habitants of heathen lands,
For you he raised his voice and stretched his hands;
And taught new-wakened sympathy to start
With generous throbs through many a British heart:
Till wide o'er farthest oceans waved the sail
That bade in Jesus' name the nations hail,
And Afric's wastes and wildered Hindostan
Heard the glad tidings of 'good-will to man.'

Such was his public ministry. And they
Through life who loved him till his latest day,
Of many a noble, gentle trait can tell,
That, as a man, friend, father, marked him well:
The frank simplicity, the cordial flow
Of kind affections; the enthusiast glow
That love of Nature or his Native Land
Would kindle in those eyes so bright and bland;
The unstudied eloquence that from his tongue
Fell like the fresh dew by the breezes flung
From fragrant woodlands; the benignant look,
That like a rainbow beamed through his rebuke—
Rebuke more dreaded than a despot's frown,
For sorrow more than anger called it down;
The winning way, the kindness of speech,
With which he won the little ones to teach,
As round his chair like clustering doves they clung—
For, like his Master, much he loved the young.

These, and unnumbered traits like these, my verse
Could fondly dwell upon: but o'er his hearse
A passing wreath I may but stop to cast,
Of love and grateful reverence the last.
Poor earthly token. Weeping mourners here
Perchance may count such frail memorial dear.
Though vain and valueless it be to him
Who tunes his golden harp amidst the seraphim!"

We can only find space to add, that the letters, anecdotes, and recollections, given in the course of the work, are full of zest and character; and that the picture of domestic piety and affection presented by Dr. Waugh in his family, is replete with a tender and touching beauty, such as we have seldom met with in similar publications.

Waverley Novels, Vol. XI. *Conclusion of Old Mortality*—commencement of *the Heart of Mid-Lothian*. Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.: London, Simpkin and Marshall.

A FRONTPISCE of dour Dave Deans and his exemplary daughter, by J. Burnet, engraved by W. H. Watt; and a most characteristic vignette, representing Dumbiedikes on a shaggy "powny," offering his purse to Jeanie on her memorable journey, by Alexander Fraser, and engraved by W. Finden,—are the signs which invite to the entertainments in this volume. Neither painter, though Scotchmen, it may be observed, has been complimentary to the bare feet of their fair countrywoman, which, to say the truth, would rather be reckoned clumsy, if not absolutely splay, by the neater and smaller-footed sisterhood of England and France. Considering, however, that the heroine had a long tramp to perform from Edinburgh to London and back again, it was expedient, perhaps, to provide her with organs adequate to the occasion.

With regard to the literary additions to the text, they are of considerable variety and interest; and we quote a few of them to illustrate the statement. In a note upon Balfour of Burley, it is mentioned that his fate in the novel is entirely fictitious. After the battle of Bothwell Bridge he in reality escaped to Holland, where he found refuge, with other fugitives of that period. "The late Mr. Wemyss, of Wemyss Hall, in Fifeshire, succeeded to Balfour's property in late times, and had several accounts, papers, articles of dress, &c. which belonged to the old homicide. His name seems still to exist in Holland or Flanders; for in the Brussels papers of 28th July, 1828, Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour de Burleigh is named Commandant of the troops of the King of the Netherlands in the West Indies."

Prefixed to the *Heart of Mid-Lothian* is an account of the origin of that affecting narrative, for which the author was indebted to a Mrs. Goldie, of Craigmyle, near Dumfries. The actual heroine was one Helen Walker, who travelled to London and obtained her sister's pardon, as is recorded in the tale. She lived in humble life, and died, unmarried, at a good old age in 1791, and was buried in Irongray churchyard, about six miles from Dumfries; while Effie's prototype, Isabella, married the person who had wronged her, named Waugh, lived at Whitehaven, and ever retained a grateful recollection of her sister's extraordinary service. Sir Walter adds some further interesting particulars, collected by Mr. M'Diarmid, whose name, as a very pleasant writer, has frequently been mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*—as it is this very day.

An annotation upon the allusion to Quakerism at the close of Jedediah Cleishbotham's prolegomenon, describes some curious facts relative to the progress of that sect at its outset in the south of Scotland, about the time when

George Fox, its celebrated apostle, made an expedition thither, circa 1657; on "which occasion he boasts that 'as he first set his horse's feet upon Scottish ground, he felt the seed of grace to sparkle about him like innumerable sparks of fire.'" Sir William Scott, of Harden, it is said, "appears to have become a convert to the doctrine of the Quakers, or Friends, and a great assessor of their peculiar tenets." Two of his sons, Gideon of High-chester, and Walter of Raeburn, also fell off from the orthodox Presbyterian church; and their elder brother used no gentle means to reclaim them; for we are told: "The interest possessed by Sir William Scott and Makerston" was powerful enough to procure the two following acts of the Privy Council of Scotland, directed against Walter of Raeburn, as a heretic and convert to Quakerism, appointing him to be imprisoned, first in Edinburgh jail, and then in that of Jedburgh; and his children to be taken by force from the society and direction of their parents, and educated at a distance from them, besides the assignment of a sum for their maintenance, sufficient in those times to be burdensome to a moderate Scottish estate."

The second of these acts, July 1666, recapitulates the first, of the year preceding, and proceeds:

"And, seeing the petitioner, in obedience to the said order, did take away the said children, being two sonnes and a daughter, and after some paines taken upon them in his owne family, he sent them to the city of Glasgow, to be bred at schooles, and there to be principled with the knowledge of the true religion; and that it is necessary the council determine what shall be the maintenance for which Raeburn's three children may be charged, as likewise that Raeburn himself, being now in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where he dayley converses with all the Quakers who are prisoners there, and others who daily resort to them, whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unless he be separat from such pernicious company: humbly therefore, desyring that the council might determine upon the sume of money to be payed be Raeburn for the education of his children, to the petitioner, who will be countable therefore; and that, in order to his conversion, the place of his imprisonment may be changed. The Lords of his Maj. Privy Councell having at length heard and considered the foresaid petition, doe modifie the soume of two thousand pounds Scots, to be payed yearly at the terme of Whitsunday be the said Walter Scott of Raeburn, furth of his estate to the petitioner, for the entertainment and education of the said children, beginning the first termes payment therof at Whitsunday last for the half year preceding, and so furth yearly, at the said terme of Whitsunday in tym coming till further orders; and ordaines the said Walter Scott of Raeburn to be transported from the tolbooth of Edinburgh to the prison of Jedburgh, where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him. And to the effect he may be secured from the practice of other Quakers, the said Lords doe hereby discharge the magistrates of Jedburgh to suffer any persons suspect of these principles to have access to him; and in case any contravene, that they secure ther persons till they be therefore punisht; and ordaines letters to be direct heirupon in form, as effeirs." Both the sons, thus harshly sepa-

rated from their father, proved good scholars. The eldest, William, who carried on the line of Raeburn, was, like his father, a deep Orientalist; the younger, Walter, became a good classical scholar, a great friend and correspondent of the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn, and a Jacobite so distinguished for zeal, that he made a vow never to shave his beard till the restoration of the exiled family. This last Walter Scott was the author's great-grandfather. There is yet another link betwixt the author and the simple-minded and excellent Society of Friends, through a proselyte of much more importance than Walter Scott of Raeburn. The celebrated John Swinton, of Swinton, sixteenth baron in descent of that ancient and once powerful family, was, with Sir William Lockhart of Lee, the person whom Cromwell chiefly trusted in the management of the Scottish affairs during his usurpation. After the Restoration, Swinton was devoted as a victim to the new order of things, and was brought down in the same vessel which conveyed the Marquess of Argyle to Edinburgh, where that nobleman was tried and executed. Swinton was destined to the same fate. He had assumed the habit, and entered into the society of the Quakers, and appeared as one of their number before the Parliament of Scotland. He renounced all legal defence, though several pleas were open to him, and answered, in conformity to the principles of his sect, that at the time these crimes were imputed to him, he was in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity; but that God Almighty having since called him to the light, he saw and acknowledged these errors, and did not refuse to pay the forfeit of them, even though, in the judgment of the Parliament, it should extend to life itself. Respect to fallen greatness, and to the patience and calm resignation with which a man once in high power expressed himself under such a change of fortune, found Swinton friends; family connexions, and some interested considerations of Middleton the commissioner, joined to procure his safety; and he was dismissed, but after a long imprisonment, and much dilapidation of his estates. It is said, that Swinton's admonitions, while confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, had a considerable share in converting to the tenets of the Friends Colonel David Barclay, then lying there in garrison. This was the father of Robert Barclay, author of the celebrated Apology for the Quakers. It may be observed, among the inconsistencies of human nature, that Kirkton, Wodrow, and other Presbyterian authors, who have detailed the sufferings of their own sect for non-conformity with the established church, censure the government of the time for not exerting the civil power against the peaceful enthusiasts we have treated of; and some express particular chagrin at the escape of Swinton. Whatever might be his motives for assuming the tenets of the Friends, the old man retained them faithfully till the close of his life. Jean Swinton, grand-daughter of Sir John Swinton, son of Judge Swinton, as the Quaker was usually termed, was mother of Anne Rutherford, the author's mother. And thus, as in the play of the Anti-Jacobin, the ghost of the author's grandmother having arisen to speak the epilogue, it is full time to conclude, lest the reader should remonstrate that his desire to know the author of Waverley never included a wish to be acquainted with his whole ancestry."

We have copied this, as we fancied the reader would offer no such remonstrance—every thing relating to such an author is of great public interest. In the same spirit we

transcribe part of a note on the demolition of the ancient Tolbooth of Edinburgh, in 1817. On that event (says Sir Walter) "the kindness of his old schoolfellow and friend, Robert Johnstone, Esq., then Dean of Guild of the city, with the liberal acquiescence of the persons who had contracted for the work, procured for the Author of Waverley the stones which composed the gateway, together with the door, and its ponderous fastenings, which he employed in decorating the entrance of his kitchen-court at Abbotsford. 'To such base offices may we return.' The application of these relics of the Heart of Mid-Lothian to serve as the postern gate to a court of modern offices, may be justly ridiculed as whimsical; but yet it is not without interest that we see the gateway through which so much of the stormy politics of a rude age, and the vice and misery of later times, had found their passage, now occupied in the service of rural economy. Last year, to complete the change, a tom-tit was pleased to build her nest within the lock of the Tolbooth,—a strong temptation to have committed a sonnet, had the author, like Tony Lumpkin, been in a concatenation accordingly."

At the end of Chapter VII. there is a long and very curious note, giving a characteristic account of the Porteous Mob, and of the legal inquiries into that still mysterious conspiracy. Almost all the parties apprehended on the informations given seem to have been silly creatures, apparently impeached in order to divert the scent and screen the real movers. There are also some illustrative recollections of old Covenanters and their stern opinions, from tracts published by their adherents: for instance, of John Semple. "That night after his wife died, he spent the whole ensuing night in prayer and meditation in his garden. The next morning, one of his elders coming to see him, and lamenting his great loss and want of rest, he replied,—'I declare I have not, all night, had one thought of the death of my wife, I have been so taken up in meditating on heavenly things. I have been this night on the banks of Ulai, plucking an apple here and there.'"

And, again, of Peter Walker, from whom Davie Dean's tirade against dancing is paraphrased.

"He notices, as a foul reproach upon the name of Richard Cameron, that his memory was vituperated 'by pipers and fiddlers playing the Cameronian march—carnal vain springs, which too many professors of religion dance to; a practice unbecoming the professors of Christianity to dance to any spring, but somewhat more to this. Whatever,' he proceeds, 'be the many foul blots recorded of the saints in Scripture, none of them is charged with this regular fit of distraction. We find it has been practised by the wicked and profane, as the dancing at that brutish, base action of the calf-making; and it had been good for that unhappy lass who danced off the head of John the Baptist, that she had been born a cripple, and never drawn a limb to her. Historians say, that her sin was written upon her judgment, who some time thereafter was dancing upon the ice, and it broke, and snapt the head off her; her head danced above, and her feet beneath. * * * I have often wondered thow my life, how any that ever knew what it was to bow a knee in earnest to pray, durst crook a hough to fyke and fling at a piper's and fiddler's springs. I bless the Lord that ordered my lot so in my dancing days, that made the fear of the bloody rope and bullets to

* Mac Dougal of Makerston, whose sister Isabella, Walter Scott had married, and who had conformed to the Quaker tenets with her husband.

my neck and head, the pain of boots, thumkens, and irons, cold and hunger, wetness and weariness, to stop the lightness of my head, and the wantonness of my feet."

We shall conclude our notes upon the Notes, however, with the note upon the word "lockman"—to which title Daddie Ratcliffe does not aspire, but only to be under-turnkey.

"Lockman, so called from the small quantity of meal (Scottie, *lock*) which he was entitled to take out of every boll exposed to market in the city. In Edinburgh the duty has been very long commuted; but in Dumfries the finisher of the law still exercises, or did lately exercise, his privilege, the quantity taken being regulated by a small iron ladle, which he uses as the measure of his perquisite. The expression *lock*, for a small quantity of any readily divisible dry substance, as corn, meal, flax, or the like, is still preserved, not only popularly, but in a legal description, as the *lock* and *goupen*, or small quantity and handful, payable in thirlage cases, as in-town multure."

And here we should close our Review, but from a wish to point out one of those extraordinary coincidences which often occur in authorship, and which the mere accident of getting a few loose pages of a book, as waste paper, in some package, brought before us. Every reader remembers the striking death of old Dumbiedikes:—see how the same idea had been anticipated in a novel of no fame, called the *Witch of the Woodlands*, where the last minutes of a Squire Beetle are thus painted:—

"Recovering, he gained his speech; and these were his last words:—'I did not think to die yet—I'm glad the parson has been.' 'Shall I send for him again?' said the son. 'No, no,' replied the venerable parent; 'he will be for giving me the sacrament—and then there will be another bottle of wine to uncork. Lord, have mercy upon me!—that last high wind played the devil with the old pigsty. I die in charity with all men; but insist upon Thomas Truman being turned out of his farm, for not voting as I ordered him. Bury me by your mother—she lies quiet now. I go hence and ask forgiveness. I know many ill-natured people will say that I am gone to old Nick; but if I go there I'll be hanged. Patch up the old barn, and try it once more—luck's all. Make much of precious time; and, Blunder, sell off the old mare—she is not worth keeping; but you need not tell your chapman that, he'll soon'—"

The Adventures of Hatim Tai, a Romance. Translated from the Persian by Duncan Forbes, A.M. 4to. pp. 214. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund. London, 1830. J. Murray; Parbury, Allen, and Co.

THE establishment in this country of a Society for translating and publishing works of interest from the oriental languages forms a brilliant era in the annals of our literature. We have now the prospect of reading in our native tongue works which have been hitherto as sealed books to the nations of Europe, or at least accessible only to the few scholars who traversed the comparatively unexplored regions of eastern philology. But it is not England alone that will appreciate the laudable efforts

* "Find it out," we suppose should be added; but our fragment breaks off at page 10. We have endeavoured to procure this publication, but in vain: it is on wretched paper, and apparently some thirty years' old provincial. It is probable that it was a northern (Newcastle) production, and had very likely been read by Sir W. Scott in his youth; the shadowy remembrance leading to the vivid picture.

of the Oriental Translation Fund. Our language is read, and our literature admired, throughout the civilised world; and in the short period of two years, the Society's Report includes names of subscribers and contributors from almost every nation in Europe and Asia. We cannot here enter into a detail of the various objects which the Oriental Translation Fund has in view to accomplish; suffice it to say, that it has met with ample success, as may be seen in the Report of 1829.

We now come to the work which forms the subject of our present notice, being the eighth of the series published under the above auspices. *The Adventures of Hatim Tai* form a romance no doubt, but of a nature very different from modern productions of a similar name. Here we have frequent excursions into the realms of fairies, demons, and giants, through paths beset with every danger in the shape of dragons, magicians, stormy oceans of all hues, and wild deserts haunted by monsters the most terrific in the creation. In short, we have here a fair specimen of the wild and the marvellous, which have for ages characterised the glowing imagination of the East. It would be absurd in us, then, to apply any thing like serious criticism to a production so exotic as the present. If we were to pass our judgment upon it according to the established rules of fictitious composition in the present day, and in our own country, we should have it condemned without benefit of clergy. But this would be an unfair proceeding: we might as well quarrel with the Arabs of the desert for not riding with top-boots, &c., as Christian gentlemen do. All that we have to say of the work is, that it seems a plain, unvarnished translation; the style is simple in the extreme, and the subject varies in almost every page, with the rapidity of Arabian enchantment. The hero is no sooner freed from one difficulty than he is involved in another; and though the incidents are numerous, there is in them that variety which prevents them from being tiresome.

Hatim, the hero, was an Arab chief who lived in the sixth century of the Christian era, and to this day his name is proverbial in the East for bravery and generosity. An Arabian author of the twelfth century (vide translator's preface, page 9th) says of him,—"Hatim was liberal, brave, wise, and victorious; when he fought, he conquered; when he plundered, he carried off; when he was asked, he gave; when he shot the arrow, he hit the mark; and whomsoever he took captive, he liberated."

The present story is divided into seven portions or adventures. The object of each is to ascertain the truth of some current tradition respecting a certain remote and supposed inaccessible place. The reward due to him who shall have accomplished the seven perilous adventures is no less than the fair hand of a most beautiful and lovely princess, by name Huan Bannu. We may easily suppose that crowds of princes competed for this high prize; but none of them succeeded, except Hatim, whose disinterestedness and generosity are placed in a still higher point of view, as he underwent the seven ordeals, not on his own account, but for the sake of an Assyrian prince, by name Munir. This prince had seen Huan Bannu, who ordered him to accomplish her seven tasks, if he wished her hand. The prince was wandering about in the desert of Yemen, where he was met by Hatim, who, on learning his tale of love and despair, generously undertook in person to accomplish the seven adventures, or perish in the attempt. Hatim succeeded,

claimed the hand of the fair Huan Bannu, and bestowed her on the prince of Assyria.

Such is the ground-work of this tale, which we heartily recommend to the public in general, and to our juvenile readers in particular. We may add as a specimen the following extract from the seventh and last adventure, when Hatim found himself in the enchanted palace of Badgard, where it seems that every previous visitor had been changed into a marble statue.

"Hatim stood wrapt in wonder at what he saw, and much he desired to know the secrets of that mysterious mansion. Meanwhile, a bird, like a parrot, cried out to him from within the palace, 'O Hatim, why stand you there? Why have you washed your hands of life in journeying hither?' Hatim listened to the voice of the parrot, and was about to enter the house, when he happened to cast his eyes at the inscription over the door, which ran thus:—'Know, O mortal, that thou canst not escape hence with life. This is the enchanted palace of the renowned Kaumarath, who, when hunting in these regions, found a diamond weighing three hundred miskals. (The miskal is a drachm and a half.) He shewed this superb diamond to his courtiers and attendants, and asked them if they could produce another to match it. They unanimously declared that the world did not contain its equal. Kaumarath then resolved to preserve it in a place of safety, so that no one might rob him of it. For this purpose, he built the bath of Badgard, the enchantment of which is all powerful. The diamond is preserved in the body of the parrot; and whosoever enters this garden, shall never return unless he get possession of the diamond. On the chair within the hall is laid a bow and arrows; let the visitor take it up, and shoot three arrows at the parrot, and if he hit it right through the head, he will be able to break the enchantment; if he miss, he instantly becomes a statue of marble.' Hatim read the inscription; and having cast a look of despair around the lifeless statues, exclaimed, 'Alas, Hatim! thou, too, art likely to remain here till the last day. Thou hast rashly periled thy life; and thou shalt soon add one to the number of these victims. Well, thy troubles shall cease, and the silence of death is preferable to the miseries of life. But if the Almighty hath decreed that thou shouldst succeed, and that thy friend should be made happy, assuredly thou mayest yet escape.' After this soliloquy, Hatim entered the hall, and lifted the bow and arrows from off the chair. He then took his station, applied one of the arrows to the string, and carefully examined his distance. He drew the arrow to his shoulder, and shot, but the parrot instantly leaped from the spot where he stood, and clung to the roof of his cage. The arrow missed, and straightway Hatim's feet became a mass of marble, even up to the knees. The parrot again resumed his former station, and said to Hatim, 'Desist, rash man, ere worse befall thee!' Hatim, in the utmost despair, began to consider his dismal situation; and while the tears filled his eyes, he said, 'Now, indeed, is my life ended; but what then, is it not better to die at once, than to live in disgrace?' 'Tis true my arrow has missed its aim, and I am partly transformed into a block of marble. Let me try another: if I succeed, good; if not, I shall be at rest from the pangs of disappointment.' He seized a second arrow, shot, and missed, for the parrot had quickly changed its place, as formerly. The parrot again called out to Hatim, 'Desist, rash man, thy enterprise is beyond thy might.' Hatim

had now become a lifeless statue up to the middle; but he resolved to persevere while life remained. 'Now,' said he, 'my hope of life is indeed small; may God preserve his creatures from a similar fate. My death is near; but happen what may, I will discharge the third arrow. Whatever the great Creator hath decreed, must come to pass.' Hatim now placed his whole reliance upon God. He looked in the direction of the parrot, took his aim, then shut his eyes, and let fly the third arrow. In the hour of despair the hand of Heaven saved him. The arrow pierced the brain of the parrot, which fell lifeless from the cage. Instantly, a fearful storm of whirlwinds, thunder, and lightning, burst with tremendous noise around him, while heaven and earth seemed involved in impenetrable darkness. Hatim was terrified, and knew not whether he was still in this world, or had entered the awful state of futurity. When the noise and disorder had ceased, he opened his eyes, and looked in every direction. He no longer beheld the garden, nor the palace, nor the parrot. At his feet lay the bow and arrows, and beside them a diamond of extreme brilliancy, like the sun."

Since we penned the introductory remarks to this review, we have had the pleasure of hearing still more gratifying accounts of the rapid progress made by this most useful Institution (the Oriental Translation Fund), under the active exertions of its distinguished president, Sir Gore Ouseley, and his able colleague.

Various letters from eminent foreign Orientalists, containing offers of translating works of great interest, from the Arabic, Persian, Chinese, and Syriac languages, have been received by the committee; and we have little doubt but that, ere long, great additions to the publications of this well-conducted Society will appear.

We are informed that Sir Gore Ouseley has received letters from his friend and colleague, Colonel Fitz-Clarence, at Rome; who, notwithstanding his sufferings, from ill health, occasioned by the climate, has been indefatigable in his exertions towards forwarding the views and interests of the Oriental Translation Committee. He presented a copy of one of its publications (the learned Professor Lee's translation of Ibn Batuta's Travels) to his Holiness the Pope, in person: it was most graciously received. The library of the Vatican, which is rich in Oriental works, was thrown open to his researches; and the learned Professor Mail gave him his most cordial assistance. Some curious Coptic and Syriac works are already in train for translation, and will be published without delay by the committee.

The Colonel has also succeeded in establishing a branch corresponding committee in the immortal city. The Propaganda Fide Institution has acceded to Colonel Fitz-Clarence's wish of printing, with its aid, for the Oriental Translation Committee, the texts of various works, of which it possesses the best types.

Dr. Walsh's Notices of Brazil in 1828-9.

(Second Paper.)

PROCEEDING with our review of this work, it would be inexcusable to omit the annexed in a journal like ours. After a hasty glance at the few performances in the fine arts, and the few books published in Brazil, the author says:

"In periodicals, gazettes, and newspapers, they are still more advanced. In the year 1828, there were 133 periodical papers printed in the whole Peninsula, of which twenty-five were

published in Brazil; viz. fifteen at Rio, three at Bahia, and the rest at Pernambuco, St. Paul's, St. João d'el Rey, and Villa Rica. Those at Rio were, 'Imperio do Brazil,' 'Diario do Rio Janeiro,' and 'Journal do Commercio,' daily; 'Analista,' 'Aurora Fluminense,' 'Astrée,' 'Courier du Brésil' (French), three times a-week; 'Rio Herald' (English), once a week; 'Malagueta,' 'Diario dos Deputados,' 'D. do Senado,' 'Despertador Constitucional,' 'Censor Brazílico,' occasionally; 'Espelho Diamantino,' monthly; 'Propagador,' or Annals of Medicine, Zoology, and Botany, yearly.

"Malagueta is the native name for a small species of capsicum, the most biting and pungent of all peppers, as this is of all periodicals: it is distinguished for its bitter personalities. When it first appeared, it attracted a great deal of notice, as well for the talent it displayed as for the persons it attacked. The family of Andrada, when in the zenith of their favour and power, were the objects of its particular virulence; and just at that time an attempt was made to assassinate the editor. He was wounded, and narrowly escaped with his life; and he accused not only them, but the emperor, as the assassins. In proof of this, he shewed a handkerchief that one of them had dropped, the owner of which was recognised by its mark. The accused, of course, denied the fact in the most vehement manner, and even visited him in person when he was confined with his wounds. Nothing, however, could remove his suspicions, which, I am told, he perseveres in to this day. He is generally supposed to be a little deranged. Between the Imperio do Brazil, which is the organ of the government, and published at the imperial printing-office, and the Malagueta, there is a constant war; and as it is part of the freedom of the press here to attack the editor by name, and not his paper, editors are every day brought forward in their proper persons. In a Number of the Imperio I saw the following passage:—'In No. 86 of the Malagueta, which has fallen into our hands, we observe the gratification with which Senhor May applies to us the epithet *tapel*; but not being able to find the word in any Portuguese dictionary, and being ignorant of the jargon which he speaks, we beg of him to explain his meaning, that we may answer him; although experience has convinced us that the senhor is one of those persons who never blush when convicted of a lie.' The Courier du Brésil is written in French, and published on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It gives the fairest and almost the only statement of things passing in the interior, and the news of other countries much more copiously than all the rest; but it is a ministerial paper, and for that reason bitterly denounced. The Malagueta charges it with being an emissary of the French government, sent to invade the country beforehand. The Farol Paulista, a provincial paper, thinks it a crime not to be forgiven, that its editor is a Frenchman; and the Aurora denounces it to the police. These opinions are evidences of the exceeding jealousy of the people, and their suspicions of all strangers, as enemies to their independence and liberty. The Journal do Commercio, like the Diario, is printed on wretched paper, and the typography so bad that it is hardly legible, though it is in more demand than any other. It is almost entirely filled with editorials and advertisements, every publication containing from 80 to 100. Under the head of 'Noticias Particulares,' one person is informed, that if he does not bring back the

books he borrowed, his name will be made public; another, that a particular person wants to speak to him, and warning him at his peril not to disappoint; a third, that his stagnant water is very offensive, and if he does not throw it out, a neighbour will come and spill it in his parlour. Some curious notices also appear from ladies:—'The senhor who was in the house of Luiza da Conceição, in the street of Livradio, No. 1, and who requested from the senhora some paper to write on; and having finished his letter, took from her drawer four milreis in gold, a bank note for eight milreis, and a pair of silk stockings, is requested to restore the articles, if he does not wish to see his name in public. The same favour is requested from the gentleman who carried away her fan, otherwise his name shall also appear.' Distributed frequently with the papers is a loose sheet called 'Correspondencia'; it consists of a letter to the editor, attacking some individuals with whom the writer has had a dispute; and it generally contains the most extraordinary libels that ever were published. The editor of the paper, who prints and circulates the libel, incurs no responsibility, provided he does not refuse to print and circulate a libellous answer. I send you one or two specimens, which came to me folded up in my newspapers. 'Retribution.—God being pleased to call from this world to a better the merchant João Pereira Borba, and he being a man of correct life, wished to prove before his death, by an authentic testimony, that he was an honest man, whose ashes should be respected; and to that end he inserted the following clause in his will:—'I declare that I always have been a neighbour of the merchant José Lourenço Dias, a native of S. João d'El Rey, with whom I lived in close friendship; and for that reason I strictly enjoin my heir not to demand from him a large debt which he contracted at my store, by his constant and daily visits to the bung of a cask of Catalonian wine; for it would be a burden to my conscience if what he owes me was demanded, since it was the vicinity of my store to the said merchant's house that was the real and proximate cause of his disgracing himself every day by constant intoxication, by which he has directly and indirectly offended all his countrymen. It would, therefore, be manifest injustice to receive money for that which renders the merchant this day so contemptible in the eyes of all fellow-citizens.'

ONE OF THE OFFENDED.

"Senhor Editor of the Astrée, I sign this with a cross, because I can neither read nor write.—I was living peaceably in the district of the city of Rezende, where one Simão de Roza wished to get possession of my farm; and when I would not surrender it, he proceeded to denounce me with false accusations, by persons he had under his thumb. There is a Padre Marriano Jozé de Roza, a brother of the same Simão, who resembles him in every respect. Yes; it was this padre, or rather this monster, that in his own name denounced me, saying, that I had uttered calumnies against his imperial majesty; on which I was taken up, and sent to this city under a guard.' After detailing a number of false accusations uttered by this padre against individuals, and enumerating several whom he attacked in order to assassinate, as, though a minister of the gospel, he goes about with arms in his hands, he continues:—'but I will not detail the lewdness of this monster, how many unmarried women he lived with, nor his amour with the wife of Francisco de Sylva, his com-

rade, &c.; or how he sued at law the same patient Francisco, under the pretext of his having burned eleven feet of a coffee plantation. The monster also invited to his house one Anna Ferreira, and gave her a portion of land near himself, where she had the misfortune to bring her daughter, a child of eleven or twelve years old, &c. After detailing a number of similar things, and in the coarsest language, and pointing out, in words not fit to be translated, how he ought to be used, as he himself had used an unfortunate mulatto, whom he suspected of stealing his hens, he concludes—'But I cannot tell you in one letter all the atrocities perpetrated by a priest who says he is a minister of God; but who, saving your presence, sir, is really a minister of the devil.'

'JOAQUIM + JOZE.'

"These libels constitute a considerable portion of the literary entertainment of Rio. In passing through the streets in the morning, after the issue of the newspapers, I constantly saw groups of neighbours assembled in some shop, and one of them sitting on the counter, reading a sheet of this Correspondencia to the rest. It often happens that the man attacked is one of the party, who never thinks of any other redress than a reply of similar scurrility. This correspondence displays sometimes extraordinary traits of national feeling on some points, and the estimation in which different objects are held. By the constitutional code, a freed man cannot be an elector; and to remove the imputation, and to entitle them to the elective franchise, which the Brazilians prize very high, they sometimes produce very extraordinary certificates. A Colonel Joaquim Francisco das Chagas Cateté was a candidate in his parish for that honour; and a Manoel de Sousa Silva, a chandler, objected to him that he was a freed man. A long scurrilous correspondence ensued, which amused the counters of Rio for several mornings; and at length it ended in the colonel producing a certificate of his baptism. 'I certify that in the year 1780 I baptised and placed the holy oil on the child Joaquim, the illegitimate son of Francisca das Chagas, a free mulatto woman, unmarried, herself illegitimate, and baptised in the parish of S. João, of an unknown father, and then a servant in the house of the Rev. Joaquim Gonçalves de Figueiredo, living in the Bairro da Caturra, of this parish, &c.'

'ALBERTO CAETANO ALVES.'

The colonel concludes this triumphant refutation of his enemies by this declaration:—'I am the chief of my family; I hold the high rank of colonel in the first regiment of the line; and I am bound by the ties of blood, by the function of my high employment, and by the honour of an officer, thus to refute the calumnies uttered against me.' And this he does by proving that he was the natural son of a mulatto servant maid; herself the natural daughter of an unknown father! In Brazil, where so many in high station are themselves the founders of their own families, respectable descent is but little regarded, except by the few who have a claim to it. But I doubt if there could be found amongst the humblest class in England a man who would establish his right to a vote by such an exposure."

This is a curious picture of a liberty of the press! The following is more general.

"The shopkeepers of Rio are rather repulsive in their address; and so little disposed to take trouble, that a customer is often induced to leave the shop, by the careless way in which he is treated. They are exceedingly fond of sedentary games of chance, such as cards and

draughts, and often engage at them on their counters. I have sometimes gone in at those times to purchase an article, and the people were so interested in their game, that they would not leave it to attend to me and sell their goods. They are, however, honest and correct in their dealings, and bear good moral characters. Their charity is boundless, as appears by the sums expended on different objects by the irmandades or brotherhoods which they form. They are, as far as I have heard, generally speaking, good fathers and husbands, and their families are brought up with strictness and propriety. It is pleasing to see them walking out together, the corpulent parents going before, and the children and domestics following in their orders. The women are fond of black, wear no caps, but a black veil is generally thrown over their bare heads, which hangs down below their bosom and back; and as it is generally worked and spotted, it makes their faces look, at a little distance, as if they were covered with black patches. They always wear silk stockings and shoes, and are particularly neat and careful in the decorations of their feet and legs, which are generally small and well-shaped. The boys of this rank are remarkably obliging; when I saw any thing among them that seemed curious, and I expressed a wish to look at it, they always pressed it on my acceptance with great good nature, and seemed pleased at an opportunity of gratifying me. The Brazilians, in any difficulty or danger, make vows to perform certain acts, in token of their gratitude to Providence if they are extricated. These vows they religiously keep, and they are sometimes productive of great unhappiness. The patrona, or master of a boat, in which I used to cross the bay, was a remarkably good-looking man. He was once overtaken by a storm in the same place, and made a solemn vow, that if he reached the shore, he would marry the first disengaged woman he met. He faithfully kept his word; connected himself with a person he knew nothing about, who proved to be a vile character, and his domestic comforts are for ever embittered. They are not indisposed to hospitality, and they constantly accept invitations from strangers, but seldom ask them in return. This arises from the exceeding deficiency of their domestic economy. A Brazilian never keeps a store of any thing in his house; but even those of the highest rank send to a neighbouring venda for whatever they want, in the smallest quantities, and only when they want it. They never purchase more at a time than a pint of wine, or a few ounces of sugar or coffee; and this, they say, is, because if they laid in a store, it would be impossible to prevent their slaves from getting at, and consuming it. When the slave goes for the article, he takes up any thing he can lay his hand on to carry it in. I have often seen one of them returning from a venda with a china tureen full of charcoal under his arm, and a silver cup on his head, holding a few loose candles. Some trades are associated in a manner seemingly as incongruous. On many shops you see written *vidros e ra*, glass and tea; intimating that the shopkeeper is both a glazier and a grocer. Some, however, are latterly approximating to a more natural association, and have added china to their glass, and so sell both tea and tea-cups. The avocations of barbers are also very various. They vend and prepare tortoiseshell to make combs. They bleed and draw teeth as usual; and so far are only employed in business connected with their calling, as barber-surgeons. But besides that,

they exclusively mend silk stockings, and are remarkable for the neatness with which they sole and vamp them. I never passed a barber's shop that I did not see him, when not otherwise engaged, with a black silk stocking drawn on one arm, and his other employed in mending it. They are, besides, the musicians of the country, and are hired also to play at church doors during festivals. All the persons who compose the bands on these occasions are barbers. Over the middle of every shop is an arch, on which are suspended the different articles for sale. In a barber's shop, the arch is always hung round with musical instruments. This association of trades was formerly the usage in England, when the lute and cithern were always found in a barber's shop, to amuse the customers of better condition, who came to be trimmed, as they are now presented with a newspaper; or sometimes to alleviate the pains of a wound, which the barber, in his avocation of surgeon, was probing or dressing. But the remains of those customs which have entirely gone out in Europe, still linger in America among the descendants of those who originally brought them over. It is highly creditable to the citizens of Rio, that no native beggars are ever seen in their streets. The only persons of that class I ever saw accosted by, were foreign sailors, particularly English and North Americans, who often attacked me, complaining rudely that they were out of employment; they had all the appearance of being worthless, intemperate fellows, whose poverty was their own fault. All the natives in distress are fed and clothed by the different irmandades of citizens, or by the convents; and it is a pleasing sight to see the steps of religious edifices filled, at stated times, with poor people disabled by age or infirmity, and the good Samaritans walking among them, distributing food and raiment as they require them. It is also much to be commended, that no women of bad character are ever seen in the streets, either by day or night, so as to be known as such. The decency and decorum of this large town, in this respect, is particularly striking to those who have been accustomed to the awful display of licentiousness which besets them in the streets and public places of Paris and London."

Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, &c.

(Second Notice: Conclusion.)

PURSUANT to our promise, we dismiss Capt. Kincaid's book with his characteristic traits of the battle of Vittoria.

"Our division got under arms this morning before daylight, passed the base of the mountain by its left, through the camp of the fourth division, who were still asleep in their tents, to the banks of the river Zadora, at the village of Tres Puentes. The opposite side of the river was occupied by the enemy's advanced posts, and we saw their army on the hills beyond, while the spires of Vittoria were visible in the distance. We felt as if there was likely to be a battle; but as that was an event we were never sure of until we found ourselves actually in it, we lay for some time just out of musket-shot, uncertain what was likely to turn up, and waiting for orders. At length a sharp fire of musketry was heard to our right; and, on looking in that direction, we saw the head of Sir Rowland Hill's corps, together with some Spanish troops, attempting to force the mountain which marked the enemy's left. The three battalions of our regiment were, at the same moment, ordered forward to feel the enemy,

who lined the opposite banks of the river, with whom we were quickly engaged in a warm skirmish. The affair with Sir Rowland Hill became gradually warmer, but ours had apparently no other object than to amuse those who were opposite to us, for the moment; so that, for about two hours longer, it seemed as if there would be nothing but an affair of outposts. About twelve o'clock, however, we were moved rapidly to our left, followed by the rest of the division, till we came to an abrupt turn of the river, where we found a bridge, unoccupied by the enemy, which we immediately crossed, and took possession of what appeared to me to be an old field-work, on the other side. We had not been many seconds there before we observed the bayonets of the third and seventh divisions glittering above the standing corn; and advancing upon another bridge, which stood about a quarter of a mile further to our left, and where, on their arrival, they were warmly opposed by the enemy's light troops, who lined the bank of the river (which we ourselves were now on) in great force, for the defence of the bridge. As soon as this was observed by our division, Colonel Barnard advanced with our battalion, and took them in flank with such a furious fire as quickly dislodged them, and thereby opened a passage for these two divisions, free of expense, which must otherwise have cost them dearly. What with the rapidity of our movement, the colour of our dress, and our close contact with the enemy, before they would abandon their posts, we had the misfortune to be identified with them for some time, by a battery of our own guns, who, not observing the movement, continued to serve it out indiscriminately, and all the while admiring their practice upon us; nor was it until the red-coats of the third division joined us that they discovered their mistake. The battle now commenced in earnest; and this was, perhaps, the most interesting moment of the whole day. Sir Thomas Graham's artillery, with the first and fifth divisions, began to be heard far to our left, beyond Vittoria. The bridge, which we had just cleared, stood so near to a part of the enemy's position, that the seventh division was instantly engaged in close action with them at that point. On the mountain to our extreme right, the action continued to be general and obstinate, though we observed that the enemy were giving ground slowly to Sir Rowland Hill. The passage of the river by our division had turned the enemy's outpost at the bridge, on our right, where we had been engaged in the morning, and they were now retreating, followed by the fourth division. The plain between them and Sir Rowland Hill was occupied by the British cavalry, who were now seen filing out of a wood, squadron after squadron, galloping into form as they gradually cleared it. The hills behind were covered with spectators, and the third and the light divisions, covered by our battalion, advanced rapidly upon a formidable hill in front of the enemy's centre, which they had neglected to occupy in sufficient force. In the course of our progress our men kept picking off the French videttes, who were imprudent enough to hover too near us; and many a horse, bounding along the plain, dragging his late rider by the stirrup-irons, contributed in making it a scene of extraordinary and exhilarating interest. Old Picton rode at the head of the third division, dressed in a blue coat and a round hat, and swore as roundly all the way as if he had been wearing two cocked ones. Our battalion soon cleared the hill in question of the enemy's light troops; but we were pulled up on the opposite side of it

by one of their lines, which occupied a wall at the entrance of a village immediately under us. During the few minutes that we stopped there, while a brigade of the third division was deploying into line, two of our companies lost two officers and thirty men, chiefly from the fire of artillery bearing on the spot from the French position. One of their shells burst immediately under my nose; part of it struck my boot and stirrup-iron, and the rest of it kicked up such a dust about me that my charger refused to obey orders; and while I was spurring and he capering, I heard a voice behind me, which I knew to be Lord Wellington's, calling out, in a tone of reproof, 'Look to keeping your men together, sir;' and though, God knows, I had not the remotest idea that he was within a mile of me at the time, yet so sensible was I that circumstances warranted his supposing that I was a young officer, cutting a caper, by way of bravado, before him, that words would not have tempted me to look round at the moment. The French fled from the wall as soon as they received a volley from a part of the third division, and we instantly dashed down the hill, and charged them through the village, capturing three of their guns—the first, I believe, that were taken that day. They received a reinforcement, and drove us back before our supports could come to our assistance; but in the scramble of the moment our men were knowing enough to cut the traces and carry off the horses; so that when we retook the village, immediately after, the guns still remained in our possession. The battle now became general along the whole line, and the cannonade was tremendous. At one period we held on one side of a wall, near the village, while the French were on the other; so that any person who chose to put his head over from either side was sure of getting a sword or a bayonet up his nostrils. This situation was, of course, too good to be of long endurance. The victory, I believe, was never for a moment doubtful. The enemy were so completely out-generalled, and the superiority of our troops was such, that to carry their positions required little more than the time necessary to march to them. After forcing their centre, the fourth division and our own got on the flank, and rather in rear of the enemy's left wing, who were retreating before Sir Rowland Hill, and who, to effect their escape, were now obliged to fly in one confused mass. Had a single regiment of our dragoons been at hand, or even a squadron, to have forced them into shape for a few minutes, we must have taken from ten to twenty thousand prisoners. After marching alongside of them for nearly two miles, and as a disorderly body will always move faster than an orderly one, we had the mortification to see them gradually heading us, until they finally made their escape. I have no doubt but that our mounted gentlemen were doing their duty as they ought in another part of the field; yet it was impossible to deny ourselves the satisfaction of cursing them all, because a portion had not been there at such a critical moment. Our elevated situation, at this time, afforded a good view of the field of battle to our left, and I could not help being struck with an unusual appearance of unsteadiness and want of confidence among the French troops. I saw a dense mass of many thousands, occupying a good defensible post, who gave way, in the greatest confusion, before a single line of the third division, almost without feeling them. If there was nothing in any other part of the position to justify the movement—and I do not think there was—they ought

to have been flogged, every man, from the general downwards. The ground was particularly favourable to the retreating foe, as every half mile afforded a fresh and formidable position; so that, from the commencement of the action to the city of Vittoria—a distance of six or eight miles—we were involved in one continued hard skirmish. On passing Vittoria, however, the scene became quite new, and infinitely more amusing, as the French had made no provision for a retreat; and Sir Thomas Graham having seized upon the great road to France, the only one left open was that leading by Pampeluna; and it was not open long; for their fugitive army, and their myriads of followers, with baggage, guns, carriages, &c., being all precipitated upon it at the same moment, it got choked up about a mile beyond the town, in the most glorious state of confusion; and the drivers, finding that one pair of legs was worth two pair of wheels, abandoned it all to the victors. Many of their followers who had light carriages endeavoured to make their escape through the fields; but it only served to prolong their misery. I shall never forget the first that we overtook: it was in the midst of a stubble-field for some time, between us and the French skirmishers—the driver doing all he could to urge the horses along; but our balls began to whistle so plentifully about his ears, that he at last dismounted in despair, and, getting on his knees under the carriage, began praying. His place on the box was quickly occupied by as many of our fellows as could stick on it, while others were scrambling in at the doors on each side, and not a few on the roof, handling the baskets there so roughly as to occasion loud complaints from the fowls within. I rode up to the carriage, to see that the people inside were not improperly treated; but the only one there was an old gouty gentleman; who, from the nature of his cargo, must either have robbed his own house or that of a very good fellow, for the carriage was literally laden with wines and provisions. Never did victors make a more legal or useful capture; for it was now six in the evening; and it had evidently been the old gentleman's fault if he had not already dined, whereas it was our misfortune rather than our fault, that we had not tasted any thing since three o'clock in the morning; so that when one of our men knocked the neck off a bottle, and handed it to me to take a drink, I nodded to the old fellow's health, and drank it off without the smallest scruple of conscience. It was excellent claret; and if he still lives to tell the story, I fear he will not give us the credit of having belonged to such a *civil* department as his appeared. We did not cease the pursuit until dark, and then halted in a field of wheat, about two miles beyond Vittoria. The victory was complete. They carried off only one howitzer out of their numerous artillery, which, with baggage, stores, provisions, money, and every thing that constitutes the *matériel* of an army, fell into our hands. It is much to be lamented, on those occasions, that the people who contribute most to the victory should profit the least by it;—not that I am an advocate for plunder: on the contrary, I would much rather that all our fighting was for pure love;—but as every thing of value falls into the hands of the followers, and scoundrels who skulk from the ranks for the double purpose of plundering and saving their dastardly carcasses, what I regret is, that the man who deserts his post should thereby have an opportunity of enriching himself with impunity, while the true man gets nothing. But the evil, I believe, is irre-
re-

diable. Sir James Kempt, who commanded our brigade, in passing one of the captured waggons in the evening, saw a soldier loading himself with money, and was about to have him conveyed to the camp as a prisoner, when the fellow begged hard to be released, and to be allowed to retain what he had got, telling the general that all the boxes in the waggon were filled with gold. Sir James, with his usual liberality, immediately adopted the idea of securing it, as a reward to his brigade for their gallantry; and, getting a fatigue party, he caused the boxes to be removed to his tent, and ordered an officer and some men from each regiment to parade there next morning to receive their proportions of it; but when they opened the boxes, they found them filled with hammers, nails, and horse-shoes!

"A singular accident threw me in the way of a dying French officer, who gave me a group of family portraits to transmit to his friends; but, as it was not until the following year that I had an opportunity of making the necessary inquiries after them, they had then left their residence, and were no where to be heard of. As not only the body, but the mind, had been in constant occupation since three o'clock in the morning, circumstances no sooner permitted (about ten at night), than I threw myself on the ground, and fell into a profound sleep, from which I did not awake until broad daylight, when I found a French soldier squatted near me, intensely watching for the opening of my shutters. He had contrived to conceal himself there during the night; and, when he saw that I was awake, he immediately jumped on his legs, and very obsequiously presented me with a map of France, telling me that as there was now a probability of our visiting his native country, he could make himself very useful, and would be glad if I would accept of his services. I thought it unfair, however, to deprive him of the present opportunity of seeing a little more of the world himself, and, therefore, sent him to join the rest of the prisoners, which would ensure him a trip to England, free of expense.

"On the 24th we were again engaged in pressing their rear the greater part of the day; and, ultimately, in giving them the last kick, under the walls of Pampeluna, where we had the glory of capturing their last gun, which literally sent them into France without a single piece of ordnance."

A Compendious German Grammar; with a Dictionary of Prefixes and Affixes, &c. By A. Bernays, Editor of the "German Poetical Anthology." London, Treuttel and Co.

WHEN Mr. Bernays' *German Poetical Anthology* appeared, we noticed it with the praise which was its due; and we can speak of his present production in terms of at least equal commendation. It contains only about sixty pages; but in these Mr. Bernays has contrived, by means of small type, and still more by great skill and dexterity in the arrangement, to present, besides the etymology, a syntax of the German language, a list of prefixes and affixes, &c. with copious explanations. The etymology differs from that of other grammars in being comprised in a few tables; by which, in particular, the declension of substantives, generally considered so difficult, is rendered perfectly plain and easy. Every rule in the syntax is given in as few words as are compatible with clearness, and is illustrated by short but pithy examples. The plan of the list of prefixes and affixes as here introduced appears to us to be quite new; and is certainly

well calculated to facilitate the study of a language consisting of so many derivative words as the German. In short, we may safely recommend Mr. Bernays' *German Grammar* as combining the advantages of comprehensiveness, portability, and cheapness. We are glad to learn that he is preparing a volume of Exercises, which we have no doubt will prove equally advantageous to the German student.

The Tradesman's Law Library; consisting of familiar Treatises on the Laws which Tradesmen in general, for their governance in the ordinary Affairs of Business, ought to be conversant with. By George Tompson. 8vo. pp. 1024. Holmes.

THIS is a work of considerable research and labour, but, like most endeavours to turn tradesmen into lawyers, will go but a short way towards effecting its purpose. A little knowledge, on such subjects, is a dangerous thing; and when lawyers themselves often disagree as to what is, or what is not, orthodox, it would be worse than useless for a shopkeeper, by a perusal of this work, to set himself up as the arbiter of his legal rights and remedies. Doubtless, if the laws of this country could be so simplified as to enable each man to form a just judgment of the effects of all his contracts and actions, it would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished;" but while we are entangled in the mazes of our present statute books—while the reports of decisions swell to hundreds of volumes, and besides their number teem with discordant judgments,—it were a vain hope to make us of the *laity* conversant with the devious paths of litigation; and we must still be compelled to leave the mootings of these nice questions to our forensic advocates.

We have not waded through this ponderous tome in a search after doubtful law or bad logic; but we have asked a legal friend to look at the work, and he reports that the author appears to have performed his task with commendable diligence and accuracy, and that it may be most useful to his fraternity, though not of so much service as he seems to anticipate to the community at large.

Personal Narrative of an Officer in the Army of Occupation in France, from 1815 to 1818. 2 vols. 12mo. Colburn and Bentley.

WE had purposed to pay our respects to these lively though somewhat bizarre volumes this week; but Time!—like fallen pugilists, we could not come to time. We can speak, therefore, of a peep or two which have afforded us considerable entertainment. The author is a medical officer, and saw many strange things after the battles; which gives greater novelty to his pages.

The Listener. By Caroline Fry, author of the "Assistant of Education," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1830. J. Nisbet.

THE acuteness of observation and strength of mind displayed in this work are altogether remarkable. The application of every description or story is religious; but the descriptions and stories themselves are so vividly natural and worldly, that we cannot but wonder to see such fruits gathered from such trees—something like the writer's anecdote of trying to get gooseberries from a thorn, by cutting it into the shape of a bush. Mrs. Fry is a lady of uncommon talents; and her work may well be read by the idler for amusement, and by the serious for instruction.

Anecdotal Reminiscences of distinguished Literary and Political Characters. By Leigh Cliffe, Author of "Margaret Coryton," "Parga," &c. 12mo. pp. 288. London, R. and S. A. Belfield; Simpkin and Marshall. Paris, Galignani.

AND anecdotes of characters not distinguished either in literature or politics; but the *mélange* altogether is very amusing. Some of the stories are good, and some, of course, indifferent: we will return to the examination.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

ON the methods proposed for measuring the intensity of artificial and natural light, by Mr. Ritchie, F.R.S., lecturer on Natural Philosophy to the Institution.

Mr. Ritchie began his discourse by an illustrated historical account of his subject, and referred, with great praise, to Bouquier's exertions in this department of science. Bouquier was aware of the means afforded him of estimating the strength of two lights by the intensity of the shadows cast by each; but principally depended upon the degree of illumination given to thin, semi-transparent screens by the light falling upon them from different sources. After referring to the mode of photometrical investigation; to Leslie's photometer, which he described as being useless as a measurer; to the law of the intensity of light diminishing as the square of the distance, &c. &c., Mr. Ritchie proceeded to describe and illustrate the uses of his own photometer. This, in the form principally used, consisted of a small square box, open at both ends on the right and left, and within which were placed two plates of black glass, at an angle of 45°, and meeting at the top, so as to throw the light which entered the box at the ends directly upwards. A slit is cut in the top of the box, long enough to extend on each side of the junction of the two reflectors, so as to be half over each. This aperture is covered with thin, uniform paper, and, therefore, if light enter the box at each end, one half of the paper is illuminated from beneath by the light entering at one end, and the other half by that entering at the other end. By moving the box nearer to the weaker light, it is easy to arrange the illumination so that the paper shall be equally apparent on both sides; that is, that it shall receive light of equal intensity from both sources; and then nothing remains to be done but to measure the relative distances of the two lights, square these distances, and the product gives the proportion in value of the two lights.

In this way, numerous experiments were made. An Argand lamp was found equal to about 3½ wax candles; an oil-gas lamp (Argand burner) equal to 1½; phosphorus burnt in oxygen was tried, and found to be nearly 80 times as luminous as the Argand lamp; that is, affording a light equal to 280 wax candles! and the beautiful light obtained by Lieutenant Drummond, the use of which in geodesic surveys was exhibited and explained in the theatre a few years ago, was also tried against two wax candles; and, imperfect as the trial necessarily was, it was found equal to about a hundred such candles.

The illustrations were very interesting, and the instrument appeared well adapted for its object.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart. the President, in the chair.—Dr. Francis Hawkins read a paper, communicated by Dr. Wilson, in which were described some cases of a disease of the heart, consisting in a remarkable thickening of the mitral valves, and producing a coagulation in the lungs, and in the heart itself, behind the obstruction. In these cases, for some time previous to death, the system must have been supplied with blood, not in a current, but drop by drop! yet life has been maintained,—proving how small an impulse of the heart is sufficient under ordinary circumstances; and hence some light is thrown on the nature of trances. The author observed, that we are apt to consider the functions of the heart too simply; they should be studied not only with regard to the peculiar office of the heart as a regulator of the circulation, but with reference to the relation it bears to the lungs and other parts of the system: he particularly turned his attention to moral causes, and the influence of the passions, as productive of diseases of the heart; and remarked, that if it be true, as some assert, that these diseases are now more common than formerly, this must arise from the necessity of repressing the feelings, in a state of refined society, and hence there is more of *suppressed* emotion. Many beautiful passages were quoted from the poets, Homer, Sophocles, and especially Shakespeare, descriptive of the effects produced upon the heart by the influence of the passions. Shakespeare, it was observed, was a perfect physiologist; his descriptions were sound in fact as charming in expression; and had he been a physician, he would have anticipated Harvey. From the effect of moral causes to produce disease, was deduced the wisdom of our ancestors in assigning to the physician the best and highest education which the institutions of our country can afford: he ought not only to be acquainted with physical science, but moral philosophy; nor can medical study be separated from polite literature, without degrading the physician and diminishing his utility. Allusion was made to the grace and talent with which this principle had been illustrated by the President of the College on the first evening assembly this season; and to the delight with which his eloquent address on that occasion was received, in the presence of some of the first persons in the land in point of wisdom and station. The meeting was numerous attended; and among those present we noticed the Bishops of Llandaff and Bristol, Sir John Franklin, the President of the Royal Academy, and many other persons of consideration.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

A. B. LAMBERT, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—On Tuesday the 16th instant, the eve of St. Patrick, Mr. Bicheno read a paper "on the plant intended by the Shamrock of Ireland;" in which he attempted to prove, by botanical, historical, and etymological evidence, that the original plant was not the white clover, which is now employed as the national emblem. He stated, that it would seem a condition at least suitable, if not necessary, to a national emblem, that it should be something familiar to the people,—and familiar, too, at that season when the national feast is celebrated. Thus, the Welsh have given the *leek* to St. David, being a favourite oleraceous herb, and the only green thing they could find on the 1st of March; the Scotch, on the other hand, whose feast is in the autumn, have adopted the *thistle*. The white clover is not fully expanded on St. Pa-

trick's day, and wild specimens of it could hardly be obtained at this season. Besides, it was probably, nay almost certainly, a plant of uncommon occurrence in Ireland during its early history, having been introduced into that country in the middle of the 17th century, and made common by cultivation. He then referred to several old authors, to prove that the *shamrock* was eaten by the Irish; and to one who went over to Ireland in the 16th century, who says it was eaten, and was a *sour* plant. The name also of shamrock is common to several trefoils, both in the Irish and Gaelic languages. Now the clover could not have been eaten, and it is not *sour*. Taking, therefore, all the conditions requisite, they are only found in the wood-sorrel, *oxalis acetosella*. It is an early spring plant; it was and is abundant in Ireland; it is a trefoil; it is called *sham-rog* by the old herbalists, and it is *sour*: while its beauty might well entitle it to the distinction of being the national emblem. The substitution of one for the other has been occasioned by cultivation, which made the wood-sorrel less plentiful, and the Dutch clover abundant.

Also was read a paper by Joshua Brookes, Esq. F.R.S. and L.S., on the remarkable formation of the trachea of the Egyptian Tantalus. This communication was illustrated by specimens.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL.

20^d 3^h 1^m—the Sun enters Taurus according to the fixed zodiac, its true place in the heavens being near that place in the ecliptic which it occupied 2000 years since at the vernal equinox.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
○ Full Moon in Virgo	7	19	29
☾ Last Quarter in Sagittarius ..	15	18	49
● New Moon in Aries	22	11	27
☾ First Quarter in Cancer	29	7	54

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Saturn in Cancer	2	3	22
Jupiter in Sagittarius	15	3	0
Mars in Capricornus	16	8	30
Venus in Aquarius	19	11	0
Mercury in Aries	22	13	0
Saturn in Cancer	29	13	0

5^d — ϵ Leonis will be occulted. Immersion, 7^h 10^m; emersion, 8^h 27^m; the path of the star will be in the direction of the centre of the moon.

Venus is a morning star, and receding from the earth. Mars is also a morning star, and a conspicuous object below the two stars in the head of the Goat.

The Asteroids.—26^d, Pallas in opposition between the right hand of Böotes and the head of Serpens: right ascension 15^h 9^m; north declination 22° 45'. The light of this small planet is very variable; it sometimes appears pale, as if enveloped with vapours; at other seasons, it shines forth distinctly, and exhibits a defined disc: its mean apparent diameter is 0^h 5; the eccentricity of its orbit is one-fourth of its mean distance from the sun: the angle which its path makes with the ecliptic is greater than any other planetary body in the system (34° 34' 55"), which exceeds five times that of the inclination of the path of Mercury. The elements of the orbit of Pallas, and other particulars are as follow:—

Sidereal revolution, 4 years, 226 days, 12 hrs. 55 min. 52.32 sec.
Mean synodical revolution, 466 days.
Longitude of the ascending node, 5 signs, 22 deg. 39 min. 26.8 sec.
Place of perihelion, 4 signs, 1 deg. 7 min. 4.3 sec.
Greatest equation of the centre, 27 deg. 49 min. 19 sec.
Eccentricity of the orbit, 63,606,130 miles.
Mean distance from the sun, 263,226,386 miles.
Proportional quantity of light and heat, the earth being 1, 13066 of a mile.

30^d — Ceres in opposition in the northern scale—right ascension 14^h 23^m 30^s; south declination 4° 17' 45". This asteroid is more ruddy in its appearance than Pallas, and looks like a star of the eighth magnitude. On account of the difficulty of distinguishing its disc from the extensive atmosphere which surrounds it, its diameter is not correctly known. The orbit of this small planet intersects that of Pallas. It has been suspected by Schröder that Ceres is attended by two moons. Its elements and other phenomena are as follow:—

Sidereal revolution, 4 years, 221 days, 9 hrs. 26 min. 3.04 sec.
Mean synodical revolution, 465 days.
Longitude of ascending node, 2 signs, 20 deg. 41 min. 24 sec.
Secular motion of the node in consequentia, 2 min. 26 sec.
Place of perihelion, 4 signs, 27 deg. 7 min. 31.5 sec.
Secular motion of the apsides in consequentia, 3 deg. 22 min. 10 sec.
Greatest equation of the centre, 9 deg.
Eccentricity of the orbit, 20,605,211 miles.
Mean distance from the sun, 262,690,893 miles.
Inclination of the orbit, 10 deg. 37 min. 29.2 sec.
Proportional quantity of light and heat, the earth being 1, 13056.

Vesta is in Fluvius Aquarii, and Juno near β Aquarii.

6^d 7^h 45^m—Jupiter in quadrature. The following are the eclipses of his satellites that will be visible:—

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, immersion ..	12	16	7	21
	28	14	29	48
Second Satellite	9	15	51	52

13^d — Saturn stationary.

26^d — Uranus and Mars in conjunction; difference of latitude 50'. 30^d 18^h 45^m—in quadrature.

Deftford.

J. T. B.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE President in the chair. Two papers were read; one contained observations on light, and the other on the pendulum. Dr. Robert Lee was elected.

A paper at a late sitting was read, of which the following is an abstract. It is entitled "Remarks on several Icebergs which have been met with in considerably low latitudes in the Southern Hemisphere." By Capt. Horsburgh, hydrographer to the East India Company.

The journals of the ships belonging to the East India Company, the author observes, during the whole of the last century, contain no accounts of icebergs having been seen in the course of their navigation in the southern hemisphere, although several of these ships proceeded into the parallels of latitude 40°, 41°, and 42°. But, during the last two years, it appears that icebergs have occasionally been met with by several ships in their passage, very near the Cape of Good Hope, between the latitudes of 36° and 39°. The particulars relating to these observations are detailed in the paper. The most remarkable occurred in the voyage of the brig *Eliza* from Antwerp, bound to Batavia, which on the 28th of April, 1828, fell in with five icebergs in latitude 37° 31' S., longitude 18° 17' E. of Greenwich. They had the appearance of church steeples, of a height from 250 to 300 feet; and the sea broke so violently against these enormous masses, that it was at first suspected they might be fixed on some unknown shoal, until, on sounding, no bottom could be discovered.

It is remarkable, that, in general, icebergs seem to be met with in low latitudes nearly at the same period of the year, namely, in April or May, in both the northern and south-

ern hemispheres, although the seasons are reversed in these two divisions of the globe. In order to account for the origin and accretion of the southern icebergs, the author thinks it probable, that there exists a large tract of land near the antarctic circle, somewhere between the meridian of London and the 20th degree of east longitude, whence these icebergs have been carried in a N. and N.E. direction, by the united forces of current, winds, and waves, prevailing from S.S.W. and S.W. Bouvet's and Thompson's islands are not of sufficient magnitude; and Sandwich land and Kerguelin's island are too remote to be the source of the icebergs lately observed in the vicinity of the Cape. From their unprecedented descent during the last two years, it is most probable that the disruption of these masses of ice from the places of their formation, was the effect of some powerful cause, of rare occurrence, such as an earthquake or volcano, which has burst forth and convulsed the inaccessible regions of the south, leaving no other testimonial of the event, than some few fragments of ice, scattered at a distance in the Indian ocean.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

On Thursday last, Hudson Gurney, Esq. V.P. in the chair,—a communication from William Hamper, Esq. was read, being a disquisition on the term "oriel" in architecture; in which Mr. Hamper shewed, from ancient accounts, deeds, and other documents, that the term oriel had been applied to seven different parts of a building,—namely, a penthouse, or covered way; a porch; a detached gatehouse; a chapel, or oratory; a projecting window of several sides; an upper story or loft; and a gallery for minstrels.

Advertisement.—University Intelligence for the Quarter.*

OXFORD, Jan. 16.—On Thursday last, being the first day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. Burge, Wadham College, grand compounder; Rev. R. D. Cartwright, Rev. C. Parker, Queen's College; G. R. Wood, Lincoln College; T. Gladstone, Christ Church; Rev. J. Wordsworth, New College; Rev. W. H. Parson, Rev. T. Sanderson, Magdalen Hall.

Jan. 21st.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. P. Hall, Brasenose College; Rev. H. Thorne, Fellow of St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. Little, W. E. Cole, F. Biscoe, J. R. Hall, H. Partington, Students, J. D. Pigott, Christ Church; M. Manduelli, T. T. Bazely, Queen's College.

Jan. 29th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Civil Law* (by commutation).—C. Barker, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. W. Maddock, Fellow of Brasenose College; Rev. G. Landon, Rev. T. L. Wheeler, Scholar, Worcester College; Rev. H. S. Markham, Rev. P. H. Nind, Christ Church.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. T. Ord, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; C. R. C. Pettley, St. John's College; H. E. Knatchbull, Scholar of Wadham College.

Feb. 4th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. T. D. Hudson, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. Morris, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; W. Cooper, Lincoln College; C. Richardson, Exeter College; T. F. H. Bridge, Christ Church; G. P. Eden, Oriel College; D. Vawdrey, Brasenose College.

Feb. 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts.*—Rev. R. Isham, Brasenose College; Rev. C. Woods, Pembroke College; L. E. Judge, New College; Rev. J. Atkins, Worcester College; Rev. J. P. McGhie, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Need, G. N. Barrow, University College; S. G. Osborne, J. A. Dunnage, G. R. Edwards, T. Freeman, Brasenose College; H. Sims, Exhibitioner of Pembroke College; E. May, Worcester College; W. J. Philpotts, E. Parker, Oriel College; E. Ashe, Balliol College; J. Smith, G. Phillips, Queen's College.

Feb. 18th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts.*—E. D. Legh, Balliol College, Grand

* In conformity to the opinion of the Commissioners of Stamps, that the accounts of proceedings at the University come within the sphere of advertisements, and are liable to a duty, we shall cheerfully comply with their direction, and from time to time furnish these lists complete, at our own expense.

Compounder: R. Evans, Rev. C. Williams, Fellows of Jesus College; Rev. I. S. Litchfield, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. Hussey, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; S. Humphreys, Brasenose College; A. G. Falk, Christ Church; H. S. Fletcher, Queen's College; J. Bugdan, Trinity College; J. R. Munn, Worcester College.

Feb. 25th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts.*—F. W. Lewis, Christ Church; Rev. H. Willoughby, Lincoln College.

Bachelor of Arts.—W. Cayley, Christ Church.

March 4th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts.*—J. Barnsley, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; Rev. W. Tomkins, Jesus College; Rev. J. H. Turbitt, Scholar of Worcester College; Rev. J. B. King, Exeter College; J. Burton, Magdalen Hall, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Williamson, New College; G. Madan, Student of Christ Church.

March 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor of Medicine, with license to practice.*—J. Burton, Magdalen Hall.

Master of Arts.—Rev. T. Boddington, Balliol College.

Bachelor of Arts.—M. E. Parker, Oriel College.

March 18th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in Civil Law.*—J. Toller, Trinity College.

Master of Arts.—Rev. R. T. Pilgrim, Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE.—The subject of the Scatonian prize poem for the present year is "The Ascent of Elijah."

The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25l. each, to the two best proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, have been adjudged to Stevenson, of Corpus Christi College, and Mr. Heavyside, of Sidney Sussex College, the third and second Wranglers.

The Norrisian prize, for the year 1829, was on Monday last adjudged to W. Selwyn, Esq. B.A. Fellow of St. John's College, for his essay on the following subject:—"The doctrine of Tyndal, and its influence on the Interpretation of the New Testament."

Feb. 10th.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Honorary Masters of Arts.*—The Marquess of Douro, Hon. G. Wellesley, J. T. Wharton, Trinity College.

Doctor in Physic.—W. J. Bayne, Trinity College.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. E. S. Bunting, Fellow of Clare Hall.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. S. T. Townsend, Trinity College; H. P. Roberts, Magdalen College; Rev. W. Tremere, Pembroke College.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—Rev. H. A. Small, Downing College; Rev. J. Buck, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—L. W. Jones, Trinity College; E. Carrington, F. G. Crick, St. John's College; J. M. Rodwell, Calus College; R. Jackson, Emmanuel College.

February 26.—The following gentlemen were admitted *Bachelors of Arts*:—T. Sunderland, J. M. Kemble, T. Greenwood, E. Vaux, Trinity College; S. Shield, St. John's College; W. B. Killock, St. Peter's College; J. Wyld, Corpus Christi College; B. Briggs, Queen's College; G. Harrison, Catharine Hall; H. J. Whitfield, Magdalen College.

The Vice-Chancellor has given notice, that the annual Hulsean prize, in consequence of the encumbrances on the late Mr. Hulse's estate being now removed, will in future be not less than one hundred pounds. The following is the subject for the present year:—"On the futility of attempts to represent the miracles recorded in Scripture, as effects produced in the ordinary course of nature."

The Vice-Chancellor has also given notice, that the Members' prizes to two Bachelors of Arts, and to two undergraduates, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, will this year be thirty guineas each, should the exercises of the candidates appear to possess superior merit. The subjects for the present year are:—"For the Bachelors, *Quantum momenti ad studium rei theologicæ promouendum, habet literarum humaniorum cultus?* For the Undergraduates, *Quæ sit forma Philosophiæ ad Græciæ renaissance statum optimè accommodata?*"

It is likewise intended that a second Scatonian prize of forty pounds shall this year be awarded, should any poem be considered worthy of a second prize. Subject for the present year—*The ascent of Elijah.*

March 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Honorary Master of Arts.*—Lord A. C. Hervey, Trinity College.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. F. Parry, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—E. C. Hutchinson, Trinity College; Rev. J. C. Warren, Sidney College, Compounder.

March 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Master of Arts.*—J. Place, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. H. Luscombe, Clare Hall; W. C. Charrière, Christ College.

The chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficient in classical learning among the Commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on the 17th adjudged to C. Wordsworth and T. H. Steel, of Trinity College.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, PALL MALL.

As we predicted, this gallery has opened with a greater display of talent than usual. A seventh son is, proverbially, more highly gifted than his elder brethren; and this, the seventh

offspring of the Society of British Artists, is no exception to the truth of the adage. We do not mean to say, that of the eight hundred and seventy-two works of which the exhibition consists, there are not many which are even below mediocrity; but we do mean to say that there are also many redeeming productions, which would do honour to any collection; and the merits of which will, we are persuaded, render the exhibition of the present year much more attractive than any of its predecessors. Be it our agreeable task to point out a few of these to the notice of our readers.

No. 5. *A Caravan at rest; Bedouin Arabs selling Horses.* R. B. Davis.—The brilliant and striking assemblage of objects in the foreground,—the mixed multitude, arrayed in costume of the most varied kind; the horses, with their spirited action and splendid trappings; the camels, with their more sober air, yet still decorated furniture; the architectural fragments of a once mighty but now overthrown empire,—all pour themselves on the sight with an almost dazzling effect. But when the eye passes from this congregated mass of rich materials to the distance, the prospect of the desert which is about to be passed fills the mind with images of danger and destruction; and the gorgeous pageant assumes the appearance of a victim dressed out for the sacrifice. We congratulate Mr. Davis on the accomplishment, and still more on the manner of the accomplishment, of so arduous an undertaking.

No. 139. *Naples.* W. Linton.—What has hitherto appeared from Mr. Linton's pencil has evidently shewn that the classical in landscape was the principal object of his study. With a mind thus previously imbued, and with talents of no ordinary description, it is not surprising that his recent visit to Italy has occasioned a further development of his peculiar bias and powers; and that in this noble work, as well as in No. 151, *The Castle of Gandolfo and Lake of Albano*, and No. 324, *Genoa*, he has been so eminently successful.

No. 74. *Plunder.* G. Lance and H. Slous.—"All is not gold that glitters." After so sapient a warning, we may safely recommend this brilliant display to the admiration even of the miser or the robber (if any such visit the gallery); who may feast his fancy, like the Barmaid in the Arabian tale, on the splendid and costly materials here accumulated, and represented by the skill of the artists with a fidelity and a force which render them absolutely deceptive. The composition is completed by the spiritedly painted figure of the bandit, and by the characteristic back-ground. But whence, in the name of poetry and common sense, did Messrs. Lance and Slous derive the quotation in the catalogue?

No. 196. *Carrying out an Anchor.* John Wilson.—In this, more particularly perhaps than in any other department of the fine arts, the British school of painting may now boast of examples of unsurpassed merit. That collector must be prejudiced beyond the power of recovery, who prefers to them the works of any other school, ancient or modern. Of the spirited and beautiful performance under our notice, we will confidently affirm, that when time shall have added some of its mellow tones to the qualities which it already possesses, of clearness, transparency, and aerial perspective, it may fearlessly challenge the best picture of its class, whensoever or by whomsoever produced.

No. 197. *Portrait of Anthony White, Esq.* J. Simpson.—We recollect that in a former year Mr. Simpson occupied the same situation

which he now holds in this gallery, and that his performance at that time excited our highest admiration, by the simplicity of its character, the chaste truth of its colouring, and the taste and feeling of its execution. We have only to observe, that the same rare union of qualities distinguishes this excellent portrait of Mr. White.

Having thus touched upon some of the attractions which embellish the centres of this room, we shall now indulge in a more extensive range.

No. 55. *Reflection*. E. T. Parris.—In this pensive, graceful, and elegant form, are again exhibited those talents which in the "Bride-maid" have produced so strong a sensation among the visitors, during the present season, to the British Gallery. It is a charming personification of the fine lines from the pen of Mr. T. K. Hervey, which are quoted in the catalogue; and which appeared some time ago in the *Literary Gazette*, although on what particular occasion we do not remember.

No. 56. *Exterior of the Chapel of the Virgin, Church of St. Pierre, at Caen*. D. Roberts.—It has frequently happened (and to no one more than to the able artist whose work is now under our consideration) that the climax of excellence seems to have been reached, and that the name of a painter may thenceforward be considered as a sufficient passport to his performances, when lo! as in the instance before us, a new combination of scenery and effect excites our surprise at the versatility that can draw upon resources, the amount of which could not be anticipated. It is needless to dwell on the extraordinary merits of the picture which has called forth this remark; they must be obvious to every one.

No. 45. *Scene in Eskdale*. T. C. Hofland.—The lovers of pastoral scenery, and of the tranquillity of rural life, will find the sweetest of their day-dreams realised in this picturesque and sequestered nook; and will be easily led to fancy that such a retreat might afford a place, short of the grave, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary may find rest." Nor will the view lose any of its interest from a recollection of its connexion with "The Black Dwarf." It is one of the happiest efforts of Mr. Hofland's harmonious pencil.

No. 23. *Dairy-Maid*. T. Clater.—With a skill in the execution of the accessories of his picture that would not disgrace a Teniers, and with a chiaroscuro not unworthy of Rembrandt, Mr. Clater has, with better taste and sounder judgment, given a high interest to the animated part of his performance, in one of the prettiest and most coquettish rustics that we remember to have seen. Perhaps there is a little more archness in the expression of her countenance than is quite consistent with innocence and simplicity; but then it is in perfect keeping with the drama of the piece.

No. 181. *Tarring a Vessel, Dartmouth*. C. R. Stanley.—The pencils of few artists have been more variously or more successfully employed than has that of Mr. Stanley. Whether he chooses his subject among the gay scenes of the continent, or from the picturesque objects of his native soil, he is himself always "at home."

No. 40. *Welcome Friends*. J. Knight.—And welcome scenes like these, we say! We fear they are rapidly passing from among us. What with the cold fastidiousness of fashion, and the pressing necessities of the less exalted classes, hospitality is almost driven from our hearths. It is delightful, however, to behold, although only on canvass, the hearty grasp of friendship, the warm kiss of affection, and the

other indications of cordial reception, which, though less spiritual, are especially, after a long journey, scarcely less satisfactory. Mr. Knight has greatly distinguished himself by this admirable performance; in which good art appears in happy union with good feeling and good cheer.

No. 82. *The Dog in the Manger*. T. Webster.—Mr. Webster has here illustrated an old fable in a manner similar to that which was adopted by Mr. Mulready, in his celebrated picture of "The Wolf and the Lamb;" converting the animal characters of the original into human beings. The strong sentiment of disgust and anger which is excited, while contemplating the selfishness of the spoiled and curish urchin, in Mr. Webster's clever little work, is a sufficient proof of his success. Still, we again lament his choice of a subject.

No. 97. *Débutante*. J. Holmes.—It is difficult to conceive a situation of more intense interest than that of a young, beautiful, accomplished, and enthusiastic female, surrounded by her anxious friends, and preparing to risk the awful trial which is either to send her back discomfited and spiritless to the dull monotony of private life, or to render her in an instant the admiration of a whole metropolis, "the observed of all observers," and to open to her the glorious prospect of a long succession of theatrical triumphs, every one surpassing its predecessor in splendour and importance. We are surprised that no artist has ever before selected such a moment. In addition to the novelty of the choice, Mr. Holmes has ingeniously imagined and combined a variety of circumstances and incidents, which explain his subject with great perspicuity.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Charles Kemble as *Pierre*. On stone by W. Sharp, from a drawing by John Hayter. Dickinson.

A VERY spirited composition, and fine specimen of lithography; but we cannot say that the portrait is like C. Kemble, though it may be more true to *Pierre*—which is the more likely, as it is upon stone. When an actor is disguised with whiskers, mustachios, &c. &c., and in a strange costume, (in this instance, by the by, in a costume that never existed in Venice), the artist has rather an unpropitious task; for if his picture is like the character, it must be very unlike the individual, and there is a Scylla and Charybdis to be wrecked between. But we must repeat, that both for talent in the drawing, and skill in the engraving, this is a very pleasing work.

The Kite. A sketch from nature, by S. M. Smith. Smith and Son.

A SPIRITED representation of this fierce and feathered epicure, the keenness of whose relish for the tit-bit which he has secured for himself, a London alderman might envy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LAST PRAYERS.

"Oh true and fervent are the prayers that breathe
Forth from a lip that fades with coming death."

I AM not what I was!
My heart is withered and my feelings wasted:
They sprung too early, like the tender grass
That by spring frost is blasted.

But thou wilt not believe
How very soon my earth-task will be o'er:
My heart, whose feelings never can deceive,
Is withered at its core.

I know the blight is there,
And slowly it is spreading in my youth;
And ever and anon some silver hair
Proclaims that this is truth.

And trembles every limb
As never trembled they in happier years;
And with a mist my eyes are oft-times dim,
Yet not a mist of tears.

Thou dost not know, when pale
My cheek appears, that to my heart the blood
Hath rushed like lava, when some sudden gale
Of terror sweeps its flood.

And when the crimson light
Plays o'er that cheek, like lightning seen and
gone,
It is life's evening tint that, deep and bright,
Tells day is almost done.

The world!—'tis nought to me!
Ambition!—wherefore should it haunt me now?
Yet would I leave a gentle memory,
To dwell with every bough.

Like western sunlight. Flowers,
Like their own fragrance, shall that memory bear
To thee, thou loved one! when at twilight hours
They scent the placid air.

Oh, from the laughing earth,
And all its glorious things, I could depart,
Nor wish to call one lasting impress forth,
Save in thy precious heart.

Yet come not when the drear
Last hour of life is passing over me:
I cannot yield my breath if thou art near
To bid me live for thee.

But come when I am dead:
No terror shall be pictured on my face;
I shall lie calm on my last mortal bed,
Without one passion's trace.

And come thou to my grave—
Ay, promise that: come on some beauteous morn,
When lightly in the breeze the willows wave,
And spring's first flowers are born.

Or on some summer's eve,
When the rich snowy wreaths of cloud are
turned

To crimson in the west—when waters heave
As if they lived and burned.

Or in the solemn night,
When there's a hush upon the heavens and deep,
And when the earth lies bathed in starry light:
O come thou there and weep!

Weep—yet not bitter tears:
Let them be holy, silent, free from pain;—
Think of me as a bird who many years
Was in a galling chain;

A chain that let it gaze
On the earth's lovely things, and yet when'er
It strove to rush away, or fondly raise
Its wing, still bound it there.

And bring sometimes a flower
To scatter on the turf I lie beneath;
And gather it in that beloved bower
That round us used to wreath.

And whatso'er the time
Thou comest—at the morn, or eve, or night—
When dew-drops glisten, when the faint bells
chime,

Or in the moon's pale light—

Still keep this thought; for sweet
It was to me, when such bright hope was given,
That the dear hour should come when we should
meet,

Ay, surely meet, in heaven!

Worton Lodge, Isleworth.

M. A. BROWNE.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LADY NOEL BYRON'S REMARKS, &c.

UNLESS we have something which we presume to be of public interest to communicate, the *Literary Gazette* is the last Journal to be looked to, either for controversy, or for such news as is merely calculated to gratify prurient appetites. When we, last week, inserted the interesting Remarks of Lady Noel Byron on Mr. Moore's Notices of her late husband, we therefore distinctly shewed, by the use of italics, that we only reprinted a document already in circulation, and were not guilty of any inroad upon the privacies of life—an act of which, we trust, we are incapable. Mr. Canning said, "He who prints, publishes;" and it would seem an absurdity to suppose, that Lady Byron's printed "Remarks" upon Mr. Moore's published "Notices," were ever intended for private circulation and secrecy. Having been placed in our hands, we considered ourselves authorised (in every character which claims respect in society), to copy the explanation into our Journal; and the sensation produced has convinced us that we only consulted a legitimate and sound taste in adopting this course.

By a letter we have had the honour to receive from Lady Noel Byron, and by an advertisement in the newspapers, we infer, that though we proceeded (time pressing), without permission, we have given no offence, and that our only error lay in calling the "Remarks on," &c. a "Letter from" Lady B. to T. Moore. This we are very happy to correct, though we are indebted to it for the conviction of a contemptible literary piracy. Our sheet, with this exclusive paper, was not dry from the press, when a would-be fashionable contemporary, called, in mockery we suppose, the *Court Journal*, thought fit to attract the public attention, by covering London with placards of a second edition, "containing Lady Byron's Letter to Mr. Moore," stolen, within a few hours, from the *Literary Gazette*,—for if the plagiarist had seen the original, he would have discovered that the title was not *Letter*, but *Remarks*! Now, the *Literary Gazette* stands so high, that it can very well afford to be plundered in this way, (and we never complain of the hundreds of our columns taken daily and weekly into other periodicals, in the ordinary course, without acknowledgment); but it is a duty to expose such impudent empiricism; and we trust this lesson will teach the culprits, whoever they may be, to discover, if they can, more excusable grounds for puffing than the property of others. Pseudo counts, and pseudo courtiers, and pseudo ladies; pseudo wits, pseudo fashionables, pseudo exclusives, and such trash, are all fair enough in the game of humbug; but larceny and robbery are misdemeanors and felonies, to be punished as they deserve.

The *Times* newspaper fell into a slight mistake in publishing a copy of the "Remarks" as more correct than that which had appeared in the *Literary Gazette*; but the moment the editor was apprised of it, he made the *amende honorable* in the most liberal manner. We are aware of the quarter whence he derived his version, and he had a right to suppose it authentic: we were only fortunate in having ours equally so.

With regard to the points at issue, we are prepared and ready to throw some light upon them; but delicacy forbids us, at least for the present. Persons who are busy in the matter may lead the way. We will not

be the foremost, nor, if the time comes, will we be the last, in information. But the particular question brought into discussion is really of so domestic and painful a nature that we hope further exposures may be avoided.*

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Tuesday night, the *Donna del Lago* was performed at this theatre. The novelty of the night was Madame Petralia in the part of *Malcom*. Though in this character Madame P. appeared to greater advantage than in that of *Arsace*, yet we see no reason to alter the recorded opinion we pronounced upon her first appearance; namely, that "her pretensions exceed her powers;" and this, in the teeth of an advertised criticism, which we read in the *Times* of Wednesday, we have the temerity now to repeat. The advertisement says, "We"—that is the advertiser—"last night had the pleasure to hear, for the second time, Madame Costanza Petralia, in *Malcom*, in the *Donna del Lago* of Rossini, and were much gratified." Would that we could here join chorus! "It is evident," continues the impartial critic, "the serious is not her forte; and hence her present character was much more successful than *Arsace* in *Semiramide*. She sang the cavatina, *Di tanti largeme*, and the rondo, *Fati crudell' e rio*, in a manner that strongly reminded us of Pisanoni. She is full of comic grace, expression, and agility." That Madame P. endeavours to imitate the inimitable Pisanoni, no one will attempt to deny; but her physical powers are manifestly too faulty and feeble to permit her to execute, even with any degree of success, the graceful conceptions of her clever prototype. As to "comic grace," we were not before aware that the possession of it was essential to delineate the character of *Malcom*; and with respect to Madame Petralia's "agility," we can only say, we never should have discovered (at least, judging from her personal appearance), that she had a particle of talent for tumbling.

The opera altogether, compared with other performances of this season, was "stale, flat, and (we fear) unprofitable;" and we think the manager was unwise in substituting it for *Elise e Claudio*: but novelty, or rather, variety, appears to be the order of the day.

Speaking of novelty, we understand that an Irish gentleman, who for some years has been residing in Italy, and whose musical abilities are highly appreciated in the fashionable world, has just completed a grand Italian opera, purposely composed for the King's Theatre. The story is said to be taken from English history; and it is rumoured that the piece is replete with dramatic incident. The *libretto* and the *score*, singular to say, are both reported to be the production of the same pen.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW tenor and two new pieces in one week! Tolerably convincing proofs of a change of management. Matters moved in a much slower way "before the revolution," as our friend Count de Florville has it. Mr. Wallack has

* A similar unwarrantable liberty was taken with our paper, by publishers of the name of Marsh and Miller, who immediately, without asking our leave, or consulting us at all, metamorphosed our four columns into a book, which they advertised and sold, just as if it had been their own, falling also, however, into the error of calling it a *Letter* to Mr. Moore. Such tricks are discreditable to the trade, and bring an odium upon really honourable booksellers. Other complaints have been made to us of the contents of Messrs. M. and M.'s publications not being such as they advertised.

been fortunate, as well as active; for the three novelties have been decidedly successful. Mr. Anderson has a good, manly voice, of no great compass certainly, but of considerable power and sweetness. He sings with great spirit and feeling, and with perfect distinctness—a quality of more consequence than it is generally supposed to be by singers; as, in many cases, if the air only be heard, the merit even of the music is but half appreciated. His reception was really "enthusiastic."

Popping the Question, an interlude by Mr. Buxton, (the plot taken from a story in the *Keepsake*, entitled "Love in a Mist,"*) is a scene of equivocal, in which Farren, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. C. Jones, and Mrs. Orger, play very amusingly;—and *Perfection*, or the *Lady of Munster*, a farce in two acts, by T. H. Bayly, Esq. is a dramatic arrangement of an old joke, which, in the hands of Madame Vestris, Mrs. Orger, Jones, and Webster, lost none of its point or piquancy. Both the new pieces are "trifles light as air;" but then they are truly light, and go off glibly and merrily. Each received its full meed of approbation, and one or the other is likely to vary the evening's entertainments for some time to come.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Adams's Lecture.—In our last we spoke of this gentleman's lecture as far as we could, giving credit to the favourable reports respecting those delivered by him in December last at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution. On Wednesday evening we had an opportunity of judging for ourselves, and were pleased to find our anticipations more than verified. His apparatus is of precisely the same nature as that which was lectured upon by Mr. Bartley at the English Opera House; it is, however, much more extensive. As many as forty scenes were placed before us in the course of the evening; and it is but due to the artist, Mr. Henry Childe, to say, that all of them are executed in a highly creditable manner. The machinery used to illustrate the seasons is well calculated to explain this phenomenon; and that employed to demonstrate the spring and neap tides is an ingenious contrivance. Eclipses of both luminaries were represented with much effect; indeed, the whole was admirably adapted to render the discourse intelligible to every auditor. The lecturer's able explanations were delivered in a pleasing, gentlemanlike manner; and we cannot recommend to our friends a more scientific and intellectual treat than these expositions.

St. Petersburg.—The annual report of the lunatic asylum of St. Petersburg for the last year gives the following statement. The number of male patients in proportion to the females was as 3 to 2; the greater portion of the lunatics were above thirty-five years of age; the men were for the most part raving mad, and the women subject to a more tranquil species of mania. The most general cause of madness amongst the men was drunkenness; and in the women, disappointment in love.

Australia.—At a meeting of the Philosophical Society of Cambridge, held on Monday evening, a communication from the Rev. C. P. N. Wilton, of St. John's College, was read, containing an

* From the pen, we believe, of Mr. Ainsworth, the author of "Sir John Chiverton," and other popular tales, which, if we may judge by their tempting dramatic titles adapted them for the stage, possess such dramatic qualities as should induce the writer to turn his own attention that way.—Ed.

account of a visit to Mount Wingen, a burning mountain in Australia. This remarkable object is about 170 miles N.W. from Sydney, in New South Wales, and exhibits several chasms in a rock of sandstone, the interior of which is of a white heat, while sulphureous vapours rise from the openings, and their margins are studded with crystals of sulphur. Mr. Codrington explained the principle of a microscope, of a new and simple construction, which had been made according to his directions by Mr. Cary, and which he exhibited to the society.

French Statistical Society.—This new Society, in the Place Vendôme, to which we alluded a short time since, has already four hundred names enrolled among its members. The objects of this body are divided into three principal classes, which occupy the attention of nineteen committees. The first class has two committees—that of topography (terraqueous, hydrographical, and atmospheric), and that of new productions (mineral, vegetable, and animal), comprising all the subjects of statistics, physical and descriptive, which throw a light on climate, soil, and other riches of nature. The second class has ten committees—those of population, languages, religion, public instruction, agriculture, industry, commerce foreign and domestic, science, literature, and the fine arts. This class comprises the subjects of moral and philosophical statistics, exhibiting the state of population, industry, and civilisation,—in short, the development of moral power. The third has seven committees—on legislation, public government, law-courts civil and criminal, finance, military establishment, navy mercantile and warlike, and diplomacy, comprehending the subjects of civil and political statistics, with respect to government, social institutions, and foreign relations.

The Press in Switzerland.—*La Chronique Suisse* contains an interesting account of all the newspapers which are published in the Swiss Confederation; from which we gather that twenty-four appear in the course of the week, nine conducted by Catholic editors, and fifteen by Protestants. This list does not include five weekly or fortnightly papers, and a number of scientific or literary journals. Ten new papers have been started since 1823.

The Hamburg Correspondent contains, under the date of Bremen, March 6, the following very melancholy details of the inundation caused by the late thaw:—"We are now on an island which is hourly diminished by the rising of the water. Our roads, dykes, banks, and bridges, are partly destroyed, or on the point of destruction. All our villages are under water; which, since the breaking of a dyke last night, pours into our suburbs. The inhabitants of the country suffer greatly, whilst the tops of houses are their only abode; their cattle have been standing several days in water two or three feet deep; bread and provisions are forwarded in boats from the towns to the villages, and the sick and houseless are taken in and supplied with food: the number of these is very considerable. The mass of ice which had accumulated on the Weser, below this town, increased the evil; but it is now breaking up."

The French Book Trade.—It is stated in the second number of a new weekly literary paper, *Le Feuilleton*, published in Paris, that during the last ten years 60,000 of Berenger's works have been sold, and that 30,000 copies of editions of Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Molière, have also been disposed of. It is stated, as a curious fact, that of Rabelais'

works more copies have been sold within the last five years than for the preceding century.

Literature in Germany.—It appears, from a calculation in a French paper, that the number of authors in Germany is one in every 511 of the entire population.

Light Weights.—At the window of the shop of a tea-dealer's company in Tottenham Court Road is an invitation to the public to give them a trial. As an inducement, it is stated, at the bottom of the placard—"We weigh an ounce." The Five's Court might safely be challenged to match them!

Liqueur.—The following is given in the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* as the correct mode of preparing the famous alkermiss of Florence:—vanilla, 1 drachm 9 grains; cinnamon, 3 drachms 36 grains; cloves, 63 grains; cochineal, 1 drachm 36 grains; crystallised alum, 18 grains; orange-flower water, 7 oz.; spirits of wine, at 32 degrees, 1 pound 8 oz.; lump sugar, 3 pounds 2 oz. During two days, put the alum and the cochineal to infuse in the orange-flower water. After having reduced to powder the vanilla, cloves, and cinnamon, put them to infuse for eight days in the spirits of wine, shaking them every day. The sugar, after having been boiled with the deposit of the cochineal from the first infusion, is to be clarified into a syrup, which, when it is cold, is to be mixed with the two infusions and passed through a coarse filter. In eight days it is fit to drink.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XIII. March 27.]

PUBLISHING.

Among the new works promised and in preparation are the following:—By the Rev. George Croly, a complete History of the Jews, in Ancient and Modern Times. The sixth volume of Curtis's British Entomology; being Illustrations, &c. of the Genera of Insects found in Great Britain and Ireland. By the Rev. Richard Watson, Conversations for the Young, in Illustration of the Nature of Religion. By Captain Sherer, a Life of the great Gustavus of Sweden. By George Cruikshank, Three Courses and a Dessert; with fifty engravings from original drawings. Panorama of the Maine, from Mayence to Frankfort, drawn from Nature by F. W. Delkeskamp; with a Description of the Places on each Bank of the River, &c. Panoramic View of the most Remarkable Objects in Switzerland, taken from Mount Righi, by Henry Keller; to which is attached, a Circular View of the Country, &c., by General Pflyfer; with descriptive letter-press. By M. de Chateaubriand, a work on the State of France, which is to appear very shortly.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon, Vols. I. and II. 8vo. 12. 8s. bds.—Robinson's Last Days of Bishop Heber, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Vade Mecum of Morbid Anatomy, royal 8vo. 12. 5s. bds.—Robertson's Universal Penman, 8vo. 5s. bds.—Hay's Memoirs of the Rev. A. Waugh, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Ware on Extemporaneous Preaching, 16mo. 3s. bds.—Practical Theology, by the Bishop of Limerick, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 4s. bds.—Petersdorf's Reports, Vol. XIII. royal 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d. bds.—Lancaster on Confirmation, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Thomson's Pastorals, 12mo. 9s. bds.—Hymers on Analytical Geometry, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Brasse's Trachiniae of Sophocles, with English notes, royal 12mo. 5s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1830.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 18	From 34. to 56.	30.03 to 30.16
Friday 19	— 48. — 55.	30.19 — 30.13
Saturday .. 20	— 37. — 56.	30.04 — 30.05
Sunday 21	— 32. — 57.	30.56 — 30.19
Monday ... 22	— 37. — 50.	30.13 — 29.86
Tuesday ... 23	— 31. — 53.	29.95 — 29.98
Wednesday 24	— 43. — 57.	30.01 — 30.10

Prevailing wind S.W. Except the 18th and 22d, generally clear; a little rain fell on the evenings of the 19th, 21st, and during the 23d. Rain fallen, 47½ of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

27 This being the last No. of our quarter, we are unwilling to commence new subjects which must be continued into future Nos.: we have therefore to postpone the excellent paper on Etruscan Vases, Critique on Spanish Melodies, Review of Guecco on Egyptian Hieroglyphics, and other articles intended for immediate publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SWAN RIVER. The Foreign Literary

Gazette of Wednesday last, (No. 12), contains an authentic account of the New Settlement on Swan River; and a View of the Place, handsomely lithographed, is given gratuitously with the No.; so that a complete idea may be formed of the Appearance and State of this Colony. The Rights of the Jews to the Privileges of British Citizens, is also maintained in the same Publication, which, in preceding Numbers, had curious Statistical Details of their Population throughout the World. Other interesting Articles of Foreign Literature, Science, and the Arts, &c. Published by W. Scripps, 7, Wellington Street, Strand.

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